TY OF
ARY
AT URBA AMPAIGN
MUSIC

A Souvenir of the 200th Performance of

J03-113

BUTTERFLIES.

A musical Play by William J. Locke.
Music by J. A. Robertson.
Lyrics by T. H. Read.

J03-113

AT THE

APOLLO THEATRE, LONDON, W.

29th October, 1908.

With the compliments of Yours Sincerely Ada Reeve.

Foulsham & Banfield Ltd

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BUTTERFLIES,

A Musical Play

In Three Acts.

By

WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Lyrics by

T. H. READ.

Music by

J. A. ROBERTSON.

VOCAL SCORE
PIANOFORTE SOLO
LYRICS

LONDON:

Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., 16, Mortimer Street, W.

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M1508 MUSIC
R62082

PRODUCED BY Miss ADA REEVE AT THE APOLLO THEATRE, LONDON.

Dramatis Personnæ.

MAX RIADORE	*A Professional Vocalist*	MR. HAYDEN COFFIN
CHRISTOPHER PODMORE	*A Colonial Broker*	MR. FRED EDWARDS
YARKER	*His Chauffeur*	MR. LAURI DE FREECE
GILBERT	*A Poet*	MR. JOHN BARDSLEY
PAUL	*A Student from Brittany*	MR. WILLIE WARDE
PETER	*The young man without a penny*	MR. KENNA LAWSON
ALPHONSO	*An Art Student*	MR. MANSELL STRINGER
	and	
WIDGERY BLAKE	*"Puck"*	MR. LOUIS BRADFIELD
ELSIE PODMORE	*Christopher Podmore's daughter*	MISS IRIS HOEY
NORA PODMORE	*Christopher Podmore's wife*	MISS STELLA ST. AUDRIE
LALAGE	*An Art Student*	MISS LUCIE CAINE
MYRA	*"The Chatelaine"*	MISS JESSIE LONNEN
SALOME	*A Model*	MISS GLADYS SOMAN
	and	
RHODANTHE	*"The Witch"*	MISS ADA REEVE

PARISIANS, PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, ARTIST'S MODELS, &c.

ACT I.—Entrance Hall of a Château in France. *ACT II.—A Boudoir in the Château.*

ACT III.—The same Scene as Act I.

Musical Director - - - - - - - - - - - - J. A. ROBERTSON.

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BUTTERFLIES.

A Musical play in Three Acts.

Lyrics by
T. H. READ.

ACT I.

Music by
J. A. ROBERTSON.

No 1. OPENING CHORUS.

Allegro Giocoso.

PIANO.

f *ff* *ff*

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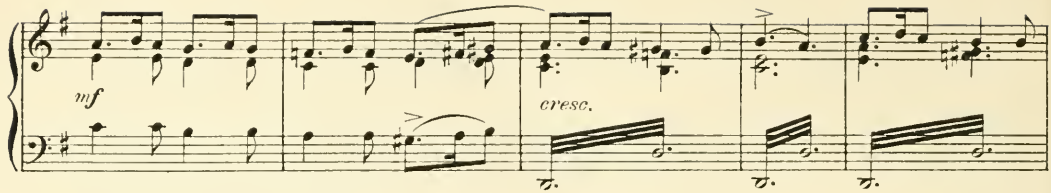
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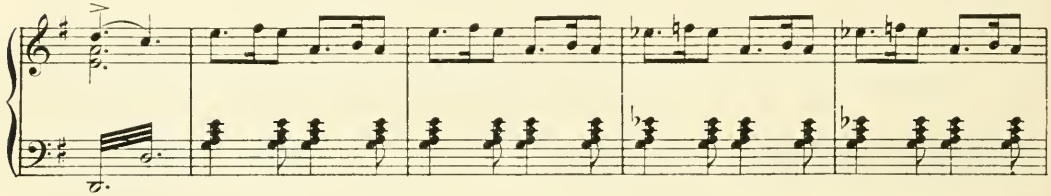

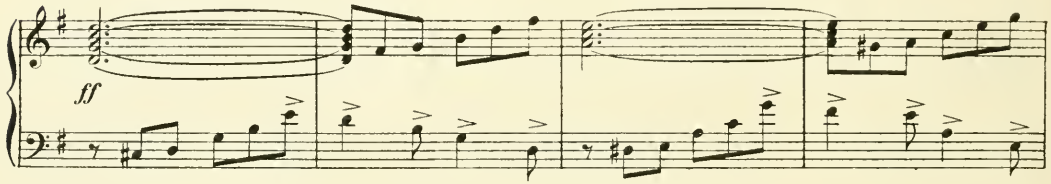
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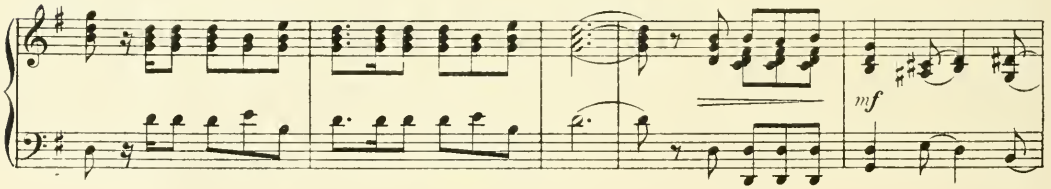
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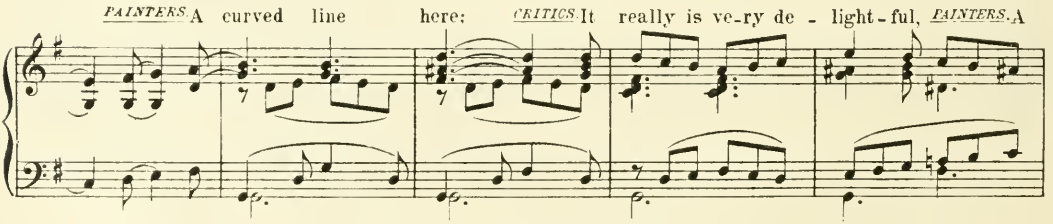

PAINTERS. A curved line here; CRITICS. It really is ve-ry de - light-ful, PAINTERS. A

touch of light. CRITICS: Your model is tru-ly di - vine. PAINTERS: A

splash of chrome; CRITICS: A - ny thing else would be frightful.

PAINTERS: When I am painting, the beauties of nature are mine,

When I am painting, the beauties of nature are mine. OMNES: That

f

curved line there; It really is ve-ry de - light-ful. That

touch of light, my your exqui-site taste is di - vine. That

splash of chrome An-y-thing else would be fright-ful.

When I am painting the beauties of na-ture are mine,

con 8va ad lib.

When I am painting the beauties of nature are mine,

con 8va ad lib.

When I am painting the beau-ties of nature are mine, are

p

mine, are mine.

Allegro vivo.

Presto.

PAINTERS. Stead - y, Sal - ome, don't jig a - bout so. MODEL. I'm ve - ry sor - ry,

f *p* *ad lib.*

but this wasp an - noys me. CRITICS. Stead - y, now stead - y, don't

Presto. *f*

bad manners show. MODEL. I wish this wasp would try them as it tries me.

p *f*

Allegro vivace.

ff

OMNES. A Wasp! the beast! We'll have him out of that. He's there! He's there! Look,

now he's on that hat. What's this? Ha! Ha! It's no wasp, Ha! Ha! It's a -

rat, a rat, a rat, a rat, a rat.

Allegro.

dim

PETER. Your im - pu - dence, my lad, is most a -

p

-larming, You're merely an encumbrance to the earth; You ought to be a blacksmith, or go

f *p*

farm - ing, 'T were bet-ter had they strangled you at birth. Oh! It

hurts us ve-ry badly To see you turn out sadly. And it grieves us that you must be hurt as

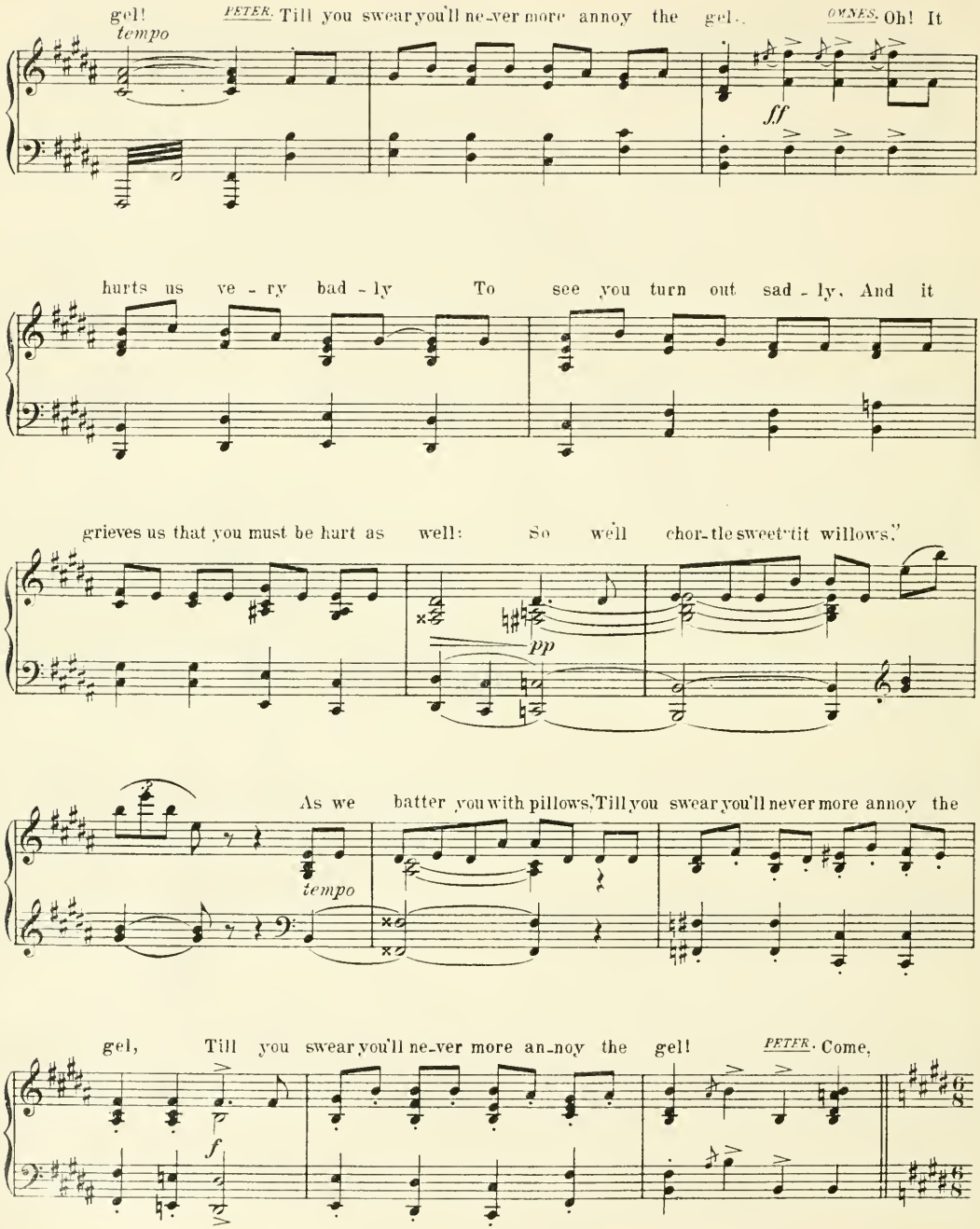
stacc.

well: So we'll chortle sweet "tit willows," As we

rall. *p*

smother you with pillows, Till you swear you'll never more annoy the gel. OMNES. The poor

tempo *f* *p*


gel!
tempo
PETER. Till you swear you'll ne-ver more annoy the gel..
OWNES. Oh! It
ff
hurts us ve - ry bad - ly To see you turn out sad - ly. And it
grieves us that you must be hart as well: So we'll chor-tle sweet'tit willows."
pp
As we batter you with pillows, Till you swear you'll never more annoy the
tempo
gel, Till you swear you'll ne-ver more an-noy the gel!
PETER. Come,
f

Moderato marcato.

Paul, get up now, and go to your room; you've no soul for a paint-brush, You should have a broom: We

fer-vent-ly hope your last hours you'll em-ploy In pray-ing for guidance to

be a good boy. *OMNES.* Come, Paul, get up now, and go to your room; you've no

f

soul for a paint-brush, you should have a broom; we fer-vent-ly hope your last

hours you'll em-ploy In pray-ing for guidance to be a good boy. *PETER.* Ha,

rit. *p*

Allegretto.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. We must get back to

work now; Ve - ry lit - tle day is left, We

have no time to shirk now. *CHO.* Ha, ha, ha, ha ha,

f

ha, ha, ha. We must get back to work now;

Ve - ry lit - tle day is left, We have no time to shirk now. *PET.* Is that

right? CHO. Yes. P. D'ye think this might? CH. Yes P. Now I think you'll do, dear. CH. Where's the

f *f* *f*

light? (*Spoken*) P. Oh! CH. Is it night? P. No. But I think a storm is near.

Più lento

p

Allegro Agitato.

OMNES. Ha,

ff *f*

Allegretto.

ha, ha, ha, we're all in luck, We can - not do more work now;

We can stop and laugh at Puck, He can - not say we shirk now.

Tempo di Valse Allegro.

Come a - long, Pe - ter, your lec - ture on co - lour, You've threatened it of - ten, and

mf

now is your chance; Pe-ter, will you let your gen - ius lull, or one day be the

greatest of paint-ers in France? Come a - long, Pe - ter, your lec - ture on

ff

col - our, You've threatened it often, and now is your chance; Pe - ter, will you let your

gen - ius lull, or one day be the greatest of paint-ers in France?

No. 2. SONG. "COLOUR."

(PETER.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Allegro.

PIANO.

ff *ff* *p*

Col - our gives joy to our work - a - day planet, No - thing so rest - ful to
If you're in love, then you re - vel in sunshine, Blue are the skies when your

trou - ble - tossed nerves; Col - our with life bubbles o - ver, nor can it Be
true - love loves you. But should she leave you, then grey are your heav'ns, and In -

e - qualled as friend to the mas - ter it serves. If you are glad, take your
- stead of your skies, it is you who are blue. When love has fled, take your

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col-our-stained pal-lett, it will re-spond to the mood you are in;
col-our-stained pal-lett, it will re-spond to the mood you are in:

If you are sad, pack it up in your wal-let, And hey! for the country to
When love is dead, pack it up in your wal-let, And hey! for the country to

re-vel there-in.
re-vel there-in.

Col-our! There's no-thing quite like it,

p

Col-our of life is the breath; Col-our suc-cess-ful-ly

strike! It means dol-lars When liv-ing, and fame af-ter death.

Chorus.

f

Col - our! There's no - thing quite like it, Col - our of life is the

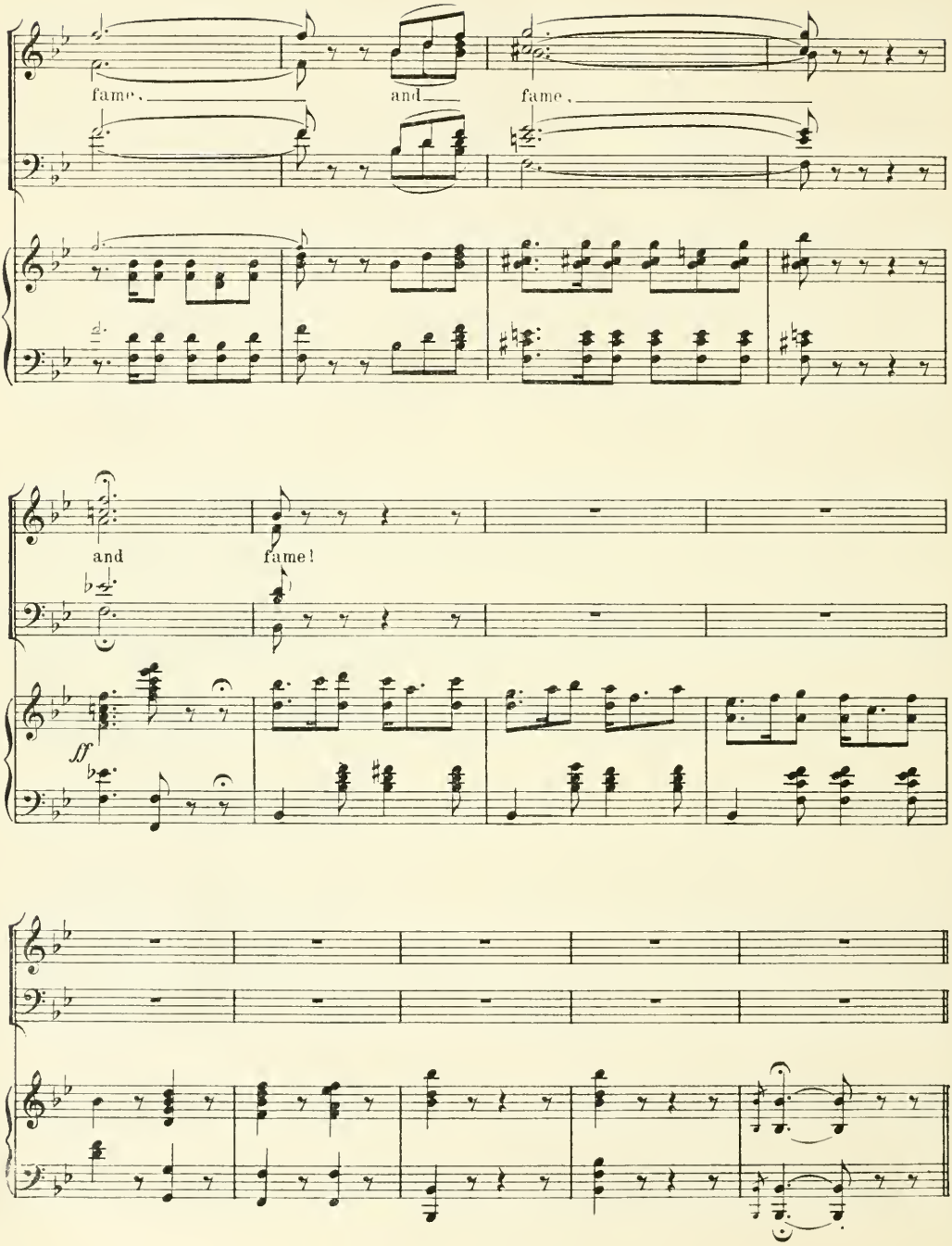
f

f

breath: Col - our suc - cess - ful - ly *strike!* It means dol - lars When

1. liv - ing, and fame af - ter death

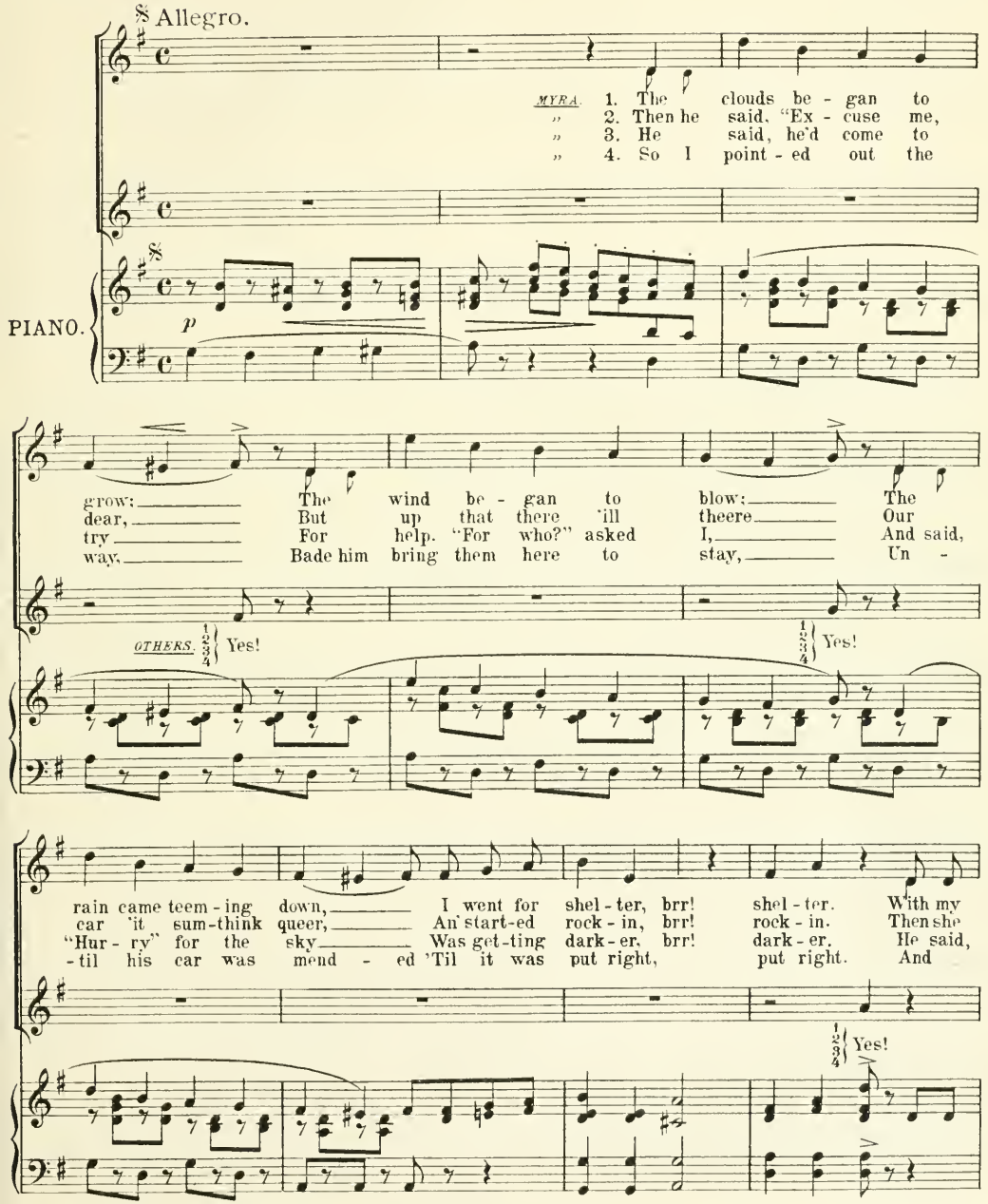
2. liv - ing, and


fame, and fame,
and fame!
ff

No. 3. QUARTET.—"THE CLOUDS BEGAN TO GROW."

(MYRA, LALAGE, GILBERT, PETER.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.



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head down I ran Right bang in - to a man, A chauf-feur run-ning down-hill hel - ter-
crashed in - to a tree, An' turned right o - ver, see? An' the Guv-ner's up there us - in' lang-widge
"Pod-more's gel. Lord luv' er! 'Is wife (that's is gel's muv-ver). Pod-more an' me, the shuv-ver; my name's
now they'll soon be here, Pod-more père, et fille et mère; And we'll have to make them wel-come yes we'll

Yes! Yes!

- skel - ter, hel - ter - skel - ter. 'Twas a chauf-feur run - ning down - hill hel - ter -
shock - in', shock - in', shock - in'." And his mas - ter start - ed us - ing lan - guage
Yar - ker, Yar - ker, Yar - ker." His mas - ter's name was Pod - more, his was
have to make them wel-come. And we'll have to make them wel - come, wel - come,

f

- skel - ter, hel - ter-skel - ter, hel - ter - skel - ter, hel - ter-skel - ter, hel - ter - skel - ter.
shock-ing, shock-ing, shock-ing. And his mas - ter start - ed us - ing lan-guage shock-ing.
Yar - ker, Yar - ker, Yar - ker, Yes, his mas - ter's name was Pod-more, his was Yar - ker.
wel-come, wel-come, wel-come. And we'll have to make them wel-come for the night.

No 4. QUARTET. "WE'VE BROKEN DOWN."

(ELSIE, NORA, PODMORE & YARKER.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON

Moderato.

PODMORE Now, per_haps, you'll be good e_nough to tell me

PIANO.

p

why you brought us here. YARKER Lum_me! why I told yer all that

com_in' up the road! POD. Cer_tain_ly I heard *some* in_co_her_ent

non_sense, *Now*, please, make it clear. YAR. Lord! 'e calls it in_co_'er_ent

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non sense:— Well, Im blowed! I

told yer 'ow I met a girl ELSIE. He did, that's true. POD. Be qui - et, dear! YAK. An'

arsked 'er the way to a 'o - tel. NORA. He did, my dear. POD. Don't in - ter - fere! YAK. She

Slowly and deliberately.

said, there was - n't one for miles, An' then wiv 'er pret - ty face all o - ver smiles, She

said "Bring 'em all up 'ere the whiles Yer mends yer mo - tor - car." POD. Through

Allegretto.

you, you pup! The car's smashed up, And here we are! YAK. Ov course, yer are! POD. Stuck

colla voce

a tempo

here un-til you mend the car. YAK. Un-til I mends the car! F. & N. Where shall we sup? POD. Through you, you pup! YAK. He calls me pup! The

f

car's smashed up, And here we are, yes, here we are, Stuck here un-til he I

mends the car!

No5. SONG.- "THE PALACE OF PUCK."

(WIDGERY BLAKE.)

PERCY FRENCH and T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Comodo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. If you've tal-ent, and you're la-zy: If you've tal-ent, and you're cra-zy; If you've tal-ent, and you're ha-zy as to what you ought to do: If you chance to be a po-et, Or an ac-tor, and you know it; If you wish to "heel and toe" it, This is
2. If you play like Pa-ga-ni-ni. And you have not got a gui-nea; If you're jilt-ed by your "Jin-ney" for a ri-val who is rich: If your thoughts are su-i-ci-dal As you read a-bout the brid-al. Burn your let-ters, come and i-dle With an-
3. We have had some *aw-ful* ca-ses: Men with mo-ney grub-bing fa-ces; Wo-men dead to all the gra-ces of the mind and bo-dy too. For a while we just en-dured 'em, As with tact we slow-ly lured 'em From their shells and then we cured 'em: So in

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REFRAIN.

just the place for you. We are Ar - tists for arts' own
-o - ther lit - tle witch. We are lov - ers for love's own
time we might cure you. We are kind ___ for char-i - ty's

sake. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BLAKE.* No in-come we're try-ing to make. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BL.* We are
sake. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BLAKE.* For the most in - con-sol-a-ble drake. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BL.* There's a
sake. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BLAKE.* But your souls we can sure-ly a-wake. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BL.* If you'll

out of the ruck In the Pa-lace of Puck, Pro - vi - ded by Wid - ger - y
dear lit - tle duck In the Pa-lace of Puck, Pro - vi - ded by Wid - ger - y
on - ly res-pond To the won-der - ful wand, That is wield - ed by Wid - ger - y

1st & 2nd Verses.

Blake. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BL.* Ben - e - vo - lent Wid - ger - y Blake.
Blake. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BL.* Ben - e - vo - lent Wid - ger - y Blake.
Blake. *OTHERS.* In-deed! *BL.* Ben - e - vo - lent Wid - ger - y

3rd Verse.

Blake. {We / You} are ar - tists for arts' own sake, {just so! / in - deed!} No

f

in - come {we're / you're} try - ing to make, {just so! / in - deed!} {We're / You're} out of the ruck in the

Pa - lace of Puck, Pro - vi - ded by Wid - ger - y

Blake, {just so! / in - deed!} Pro - vi - ded by Wid - ger - y Blake.

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No 6. SONG.-"LIFE."

(MAX.)

ARTHUR ANDERSON.

Arranged from an old French air.

A la Zingarese.

PIANO.

f *accelerando* *accelerando*

Meno mosso.

p

Life at best is in-side out, Sel-dom now the sun is shin-ing; Clouds are ev'-ry-where a-bout, Ne'er a trace of sil-ver lin-ing. On our way we sad-ly go, Hith-er, thith-er, to and fro, Life is drear-y, life is long: Ev'-ry sin-gle thing goes wrong!

rall.

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rit. *a tempo* *accel.*

What's the odds? Al - though you're broke, Min - us col - lar, min - us cloak! E - ven so,

p *rit.* *a tempo* *accel.*

rit. *a tempo*

Let things go, Life's a gam-ble, Life's a joke! Since, how - e - ver hard I try,

rit. *a tempo*

accel.

Things will al - ways go a - wry, I don't swear, I don't care, "Let them!" say

accel. *f*

I. *p*

Life is but a long drawn sigh,

sfz *p*

Joy is but the mark of sor - row: One by one, the days go by, Sad - ly dawn-eth

each to-mor-row. When you come to make the test. Life is but a sor-ry jest,

p

rall.

Ev'-ry smile be-comes a frown: All the world is up-side down!

rall.

rit. *a tempo* *accel.*

What's the odds? Al-though you're broke, Min-us col-lar, min-us cloak! E-ven so,

p *rit.* *a tempo* *accel.*

rit. *a tempo*

Let things go, Life's a gam-ble, Life's a joke! Since, how-e-ver hard I try,

rit. *a tempo*

accel.

Things will al-ways go a-wry. I don't swear, I don't care, "Let them!" say I.

f *fz*

accel.

No. 7. TRIO.- "THREE BLIND MICE."

(RHODANTE, WIDGERY BLAKE and MAX.)

PERCY FRENCH and T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. BLAKE. We have
2. MAX. There's a
3. RHOD. Then there's

three blind mice In the Pa-lace of Puck Whose lives have been dull and
ma-tron-ly mouse Who has dreamt of the bliss That po-ets so well por-
old man mouse Whom I'll take as mine Not in my line, you

grey; MAX. You'd like to see them run-ning a-mok, Is
-tray; But the fur-tive clasp and the sto-len kiss Are
say? But he'll rise to the fly if I hide the line, Though he's

that what you mean to say? BLAKE. Now we will take these
dreams that have pass'd a-way. Con-tent in a snug sub-
blind and he's deaf to-day. For si-ren's strains I will

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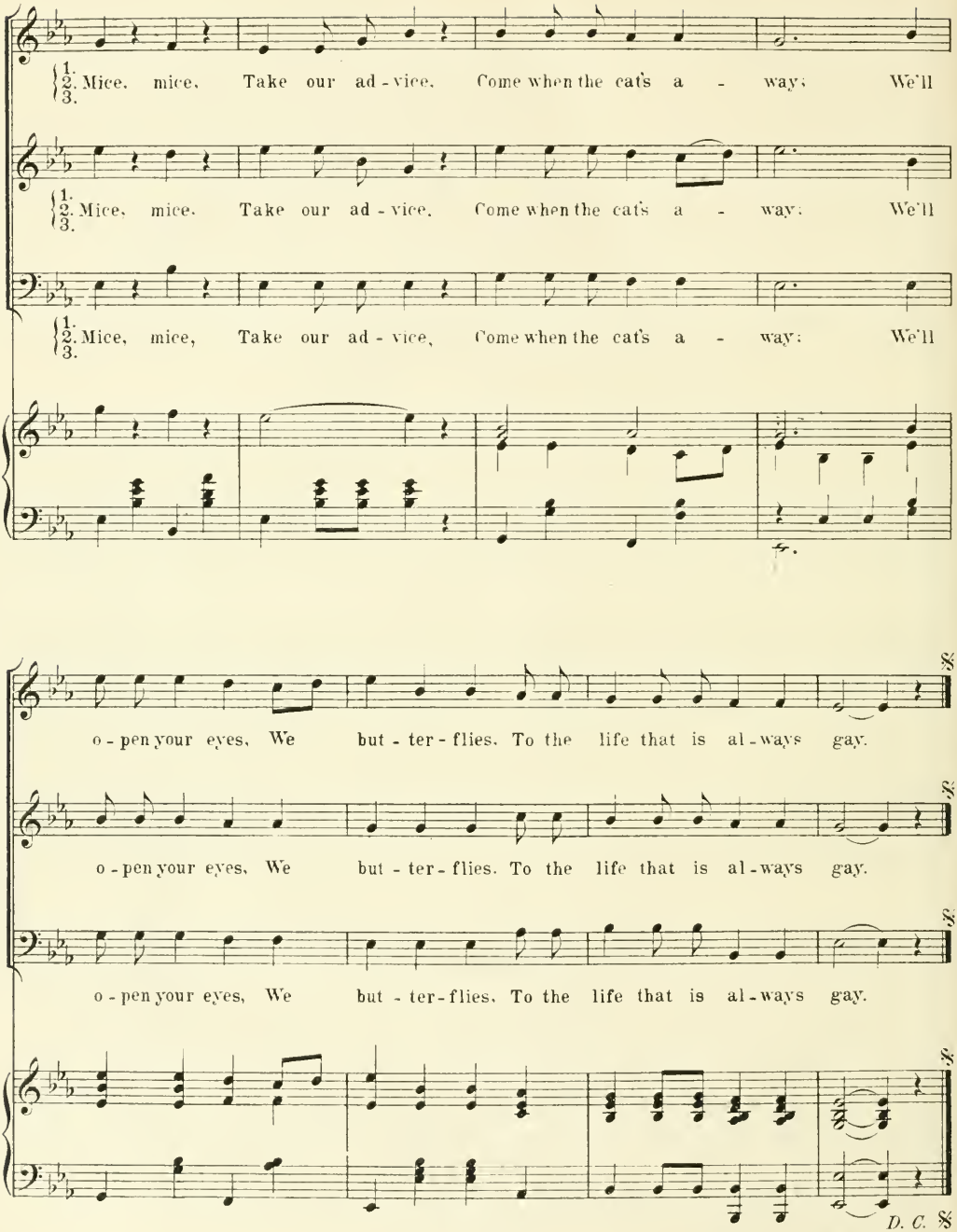
mice in hand, And shew them life I___ un - der - stand, The
-ur - ban bow - er, Shel-tered from sun and___ storm and show'r, Yet
make him hear. His blind - ness too will___ dis - ap - pear, I'll

life of a ra-ther more joy - ous brand. The life that is al - ways gay.
long-ing and longing for one short hour Of the life that is al - ways gay.
o - pen his eyes, Oh! you need not fear! To the life that is al - ways gay.

REFRAIN.

Mice, mice, Take our ad - vice, Come when the cat's a - way: We'll
Mouse, mouse, Shew that you've "nous", Break from the past a - way: For an
Mouse, mouse, Let us ca - rouse. It should be "ca-rouse" you say? But we

o-pen your eyes, We but - ter-flies, To the life that is al - ways gay.
hour or two Let the dream come true Of the life that is al - ways gay.
haven't the time For___ rea-son or rhyme In the life that is al - ways gay.



For Dance repeat Refrain.

No 8. DUET.—"MANY YEARS AGO."

(RHODANTE AND BLAKE.)

ARTHUR ANDERSON. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Andante

PIANO.

p

BLAKE. 1. There lived a man and wo - man in a gar - den bright and fair,
" 2. told that they were mar-ried by ac - cred - it - ed di - vines,
" 3. - lack - a - day! At last there came a rift with - in the lute,

Heig - ho! Ma - ny years a - go. RHOD. They rev - elled in the sun-shine, and they
Heig - ho! Ma - ny years a - go. " But no one, to our know-ledge, e - ver
Heig - ho! Ma - ny years a - go. " The wo - man cast her eyes up - on some

loved the o - pen air. Heig - ho! Ma - ny years a - go. BLAKE. So they
saw their mar-riage lines. Heig - ho! Ma - ny years a - go. " So they
much for - bid - den fruit. Heig - ho! Ma - ny years a - go. " Then she

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wand-ered in the gar-den, and ex - plored its wind-ing paths; RHOD And they
lived and loved to - geth-er, in ec sta - tic wed-ded bliss; " For he
stole a ros - y ap - ple, and she took a ti - ny bite; " And she

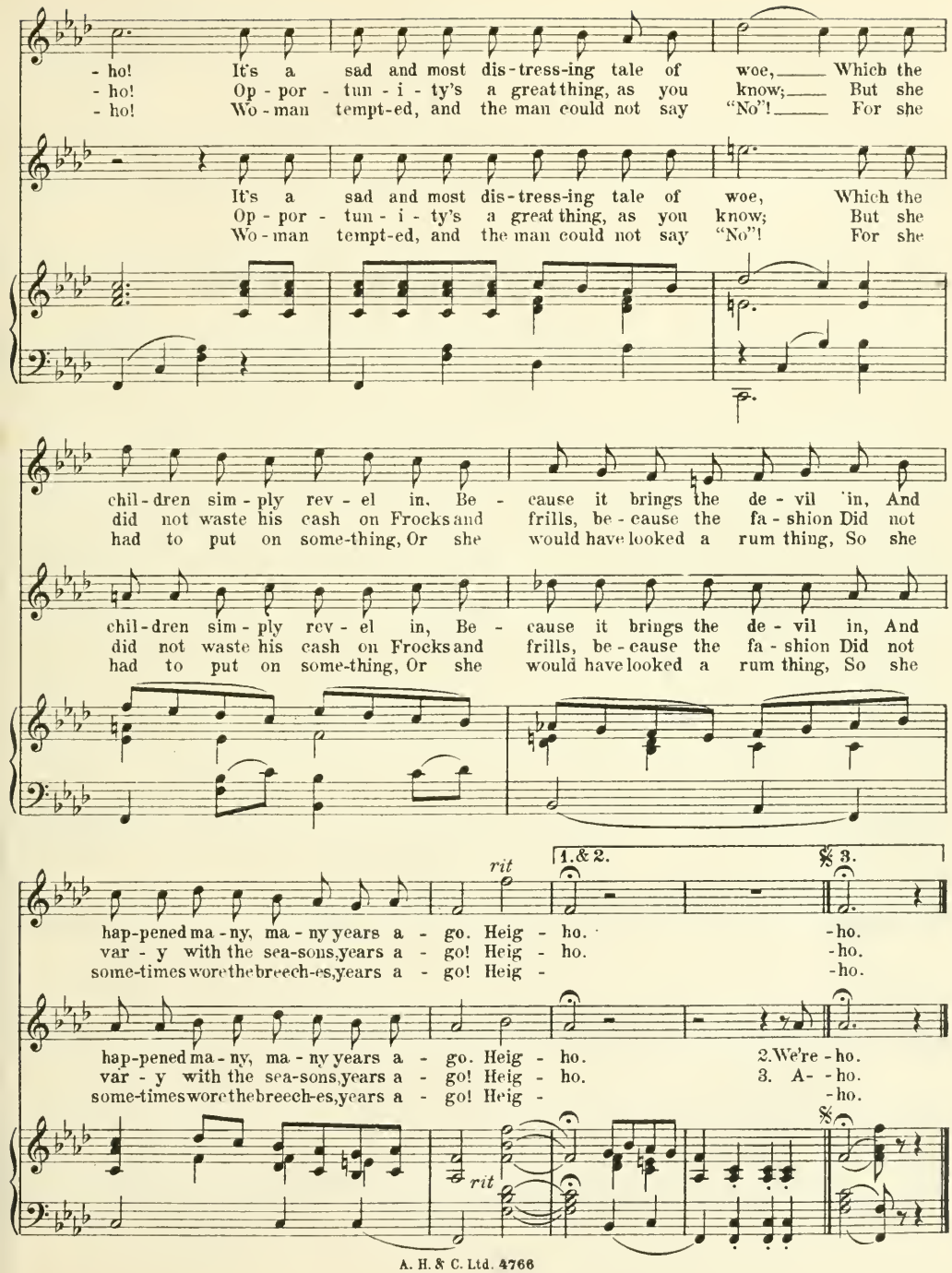
spent their lei - sure mo-ments tak - ing at - mos-pher - ic baths, Which, I
ne - ver kissed an - oth - er girl, there was - n't one to kiss, And she
made the man do dit - to, which was not con - si - dered right; For it

grant you, was im - prop - er, but they thought it comme il faut Ma - ny,
did - n't waste his mon - ey, or the cur - rent *quid* pro quo, Ma - ny,
seems that all the ap - ple trees were on - ly meant for show, Ma - ny,

BLAKE Ma - ny,
" Ma - ny,
" Ma - ny,

ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go. Heig -
ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go. Heig -
ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go. Heig -

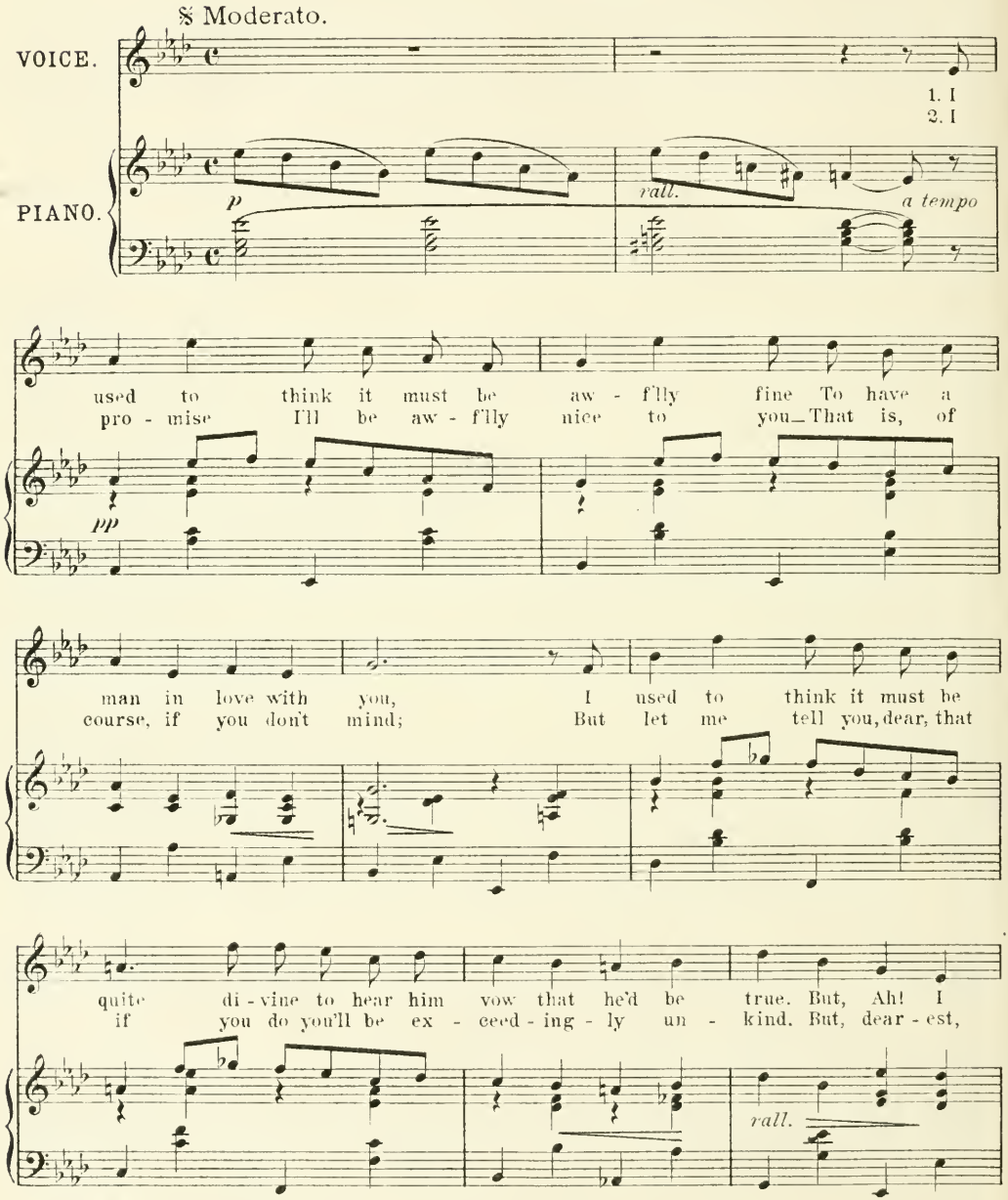
ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go. Heig - ho!
ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go. Heig - ho!
ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go. Heig - ho!


- ho! It's a sad and most dis-tress-ing tale of woe, Which the
- ho! Op - por - tun - i - ty's a great thing, as you know; But she
- ho! Wo - man tempt-ed, and the man could not say "No"! For she
It's a sad and most dis-tress-ing tale of woe, Which the
Op - por - tun - i - ty's a great thing, as you know; But she
Wo - man tempt-ed, and the man could not say "No"! For she
chil-dren sim-ply rev-el in, Be - cause it brings the de-vil in, And
did not waste his cash on Frocks and frills, be-cause the fa-shion Did not
had to put on some-thing, Or she would have looked a rum thing, So she
chil-dren sim-ply rev-el in, Be - cause it brings the de-vil in, And
did not waste his cash on Frocks and frills, be-cause the fa-shion Did not
had to put on some-thing, Or she would have looked a rum thing, So she
rit
1.& 2.
3.
hap-pened ma-ny, ma-ny years a - go. Heig - ho. -ho.
var-y with the sea-sons, years a - go! Heig - ho. -ho.
some-times wore the breech-es, years a - go! Heig - -ho.
hap-pened ma-ny, ma-ny years a - go. Heig - ho. 2. We're -ho.
var-y with the sea-sons, years a - go! Heig - ho. 3. A- -ho.
some-times wore the breech-es, years a - go! Heig - -ho.
rit

No. 9. SONG.—"SOMEONE TO BE FOND OF."

(RHODANTE.)

Words and Music by WALTER DAVIDSON.



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found ere long I was en - tire - ly wrong, And now the
please don't make the op - po - site mis - take, And if you

a tempo

op - po - site's my view; Now you for me don't care a
should be - gin to care, Don't let me see that you're in

bit, I see, And that is just why I love you.
love with me, Or I shall hate you then and there.

rall.

REFRAIN.

p

I want someone to be fond of, I want somebod-y to woo;

p

I don't want you to love me so long as I love

you. I don't want you to de-clare that

rall. *a tempo*

you'll be true; I've got ev'-ry thing I

want, if you'll let me love you. you.

1. 2.

Repeat Refrain for Dance.

No. 10. ENSEMBLE.—"OFF TO BE MARRIED."

(RHODANTE, LALAGE, NORA, ELSIE, GILBERT, PETER, MAX, PODMORE.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Allegro Spirituoso.

PIANO.

p e cresc.

CHORUS. They're off to be mar-ried, hur - rah, hur-rah, They're

f

off to be mar-ried, Hoo - ray! The in-no-cent loves of our tur - tle doves ma -

ture in the us-u-al way. They're off to be mar-ried, hur - rah, hur-rah, They're

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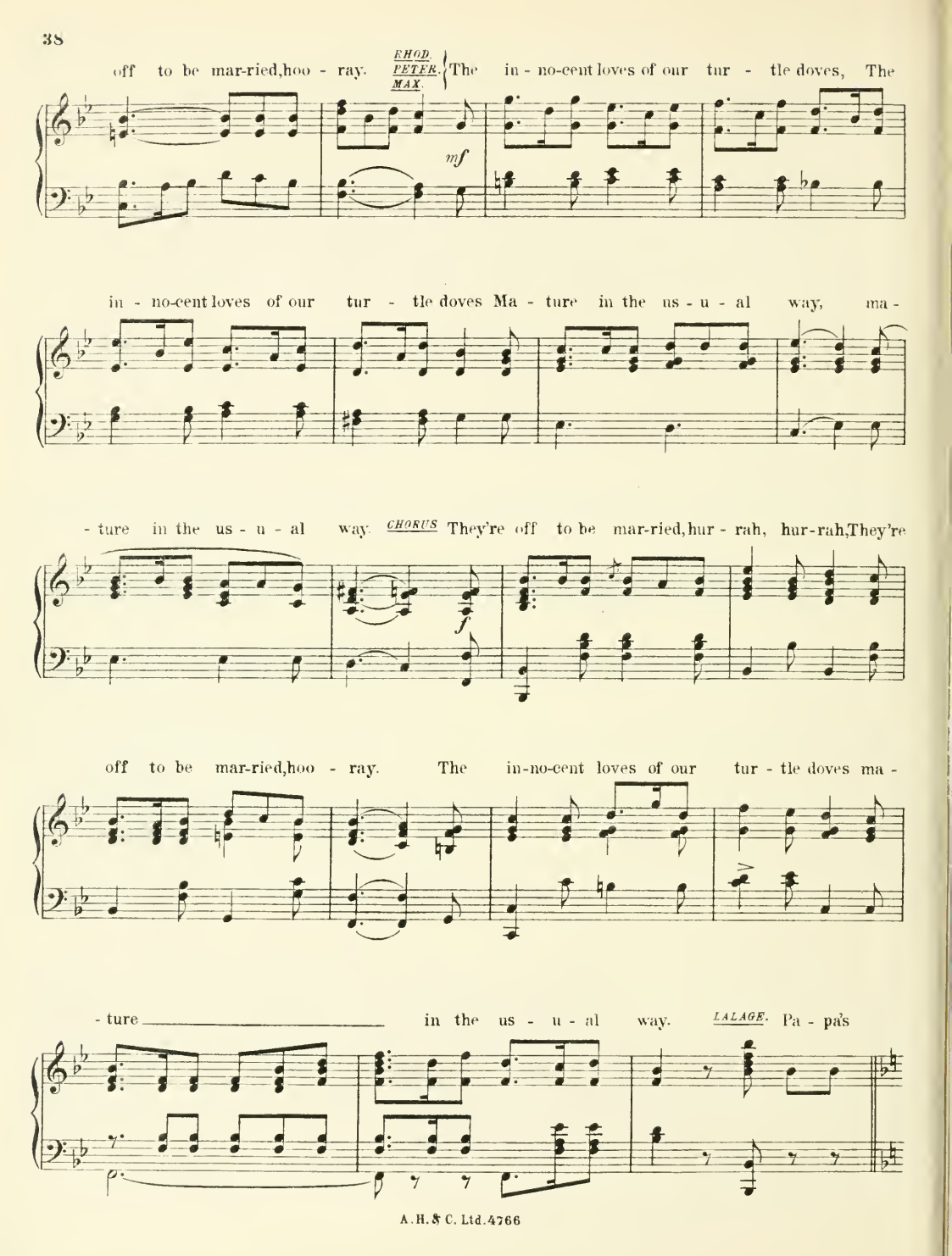

off to be mar-ried, hoo - ray.
RHOD. PETER. MAX.
The in - no-cent loves of our tur - tle doves, The
mf
in - no-cent loves of our tur - tle doves Ma - ture in the us - u - al way, ma -
- ture in the us - u - al way.
CHORUS
They're off to be mar-ried, hur - rah, hur-rah, They're
f
off to be mar-ried, hoo - ray. The in-no-cent loves of our tur - tle doves ma -
- ture in the us - u - al way.
LALAGE.
Pa - pa's

Meno mosso.

tem - per I fear; His i - deas are queer, To meet him we'd bet - ter not

p

stay. KHOD. When Pa comes, it's clear They will be "de trop" here. LAL. And that's why we're go-ing a -

- way to - day. MAX. And that's why they're go - ing a - way. POD. Do my

Allegro.

ears de-cieve me, No - ra, have we in-to Bed-lam dropped? NORA. Their scan-da-lous in-ten-tions are a -

larm - ing. POD. Come, Sir! This is in-cred-i - ble! They real-ly must be stopped.

f

Recit.

MAX. Your men-tal vis-ion's crook-ed, Sir! 'Tis but a ro - mance charm ing!

f *p*

rit. GILB. For -

Allegretto.

give me, friends, I pray, To trouble you I am loathe I

haven't got a son, So there's no-thing else to do, For - give me, friends, I pray.

Here am I and La - la - ge; I must pro - vide for both.

RHOD. This will sell for some-thing, dear. L. & GILB. Oh thank you, thank you, thank you. PETER. My

last pen-ny's gone, But you can pawn this bauble. POD. The reck-less vag-a - bond! He

gives his watch and chain. L. & GILB. Just a wed-ding loan, Sir, to keep us both from trou-ble.

MAX. Look! he thinks we all have soft-en - ing of the brain.

ff

Vivace.

POD. No, Sir, No, I ne-ver lent a shil-ling in my life. NORA. No, Sir! No!

mf

POD. Kind-ly do not im-por-tune my wife. CHORUS. Oh! Sir, oh! MAX. Kind-ly do not im-por-tune his

wife. CHORUS. Oh! Sir, oh! PETER. He ne - ver lent a shil ling in his life.

PRINCIPALS. He ne - ver lent a shil-ling, E. & N. I'm a-fraid there's go-ing to be strife. Oh! Oh! He
CHORUS. Oh, Sir, Oh! Kind-ly do not im-por-tune his wife.

ff *p*

ne - ver lent a shil-ling, He ne - ver lent a shil-ling, He ne - ver lent a shil-ling, He

crescendo

ne - ver lent a shil ling in his life, No, No! No! No! No!

ff

Tempo di Valse.

p

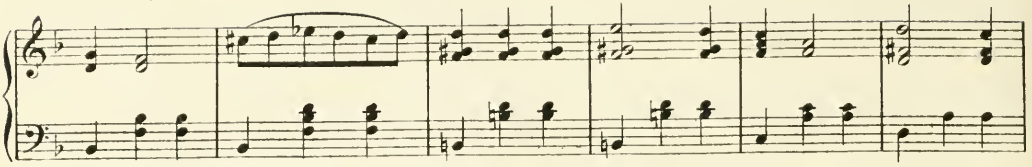
KHOD. You must have had some cu - rious friends, Your

heart must be quite ston - - ey; In that, at least, my

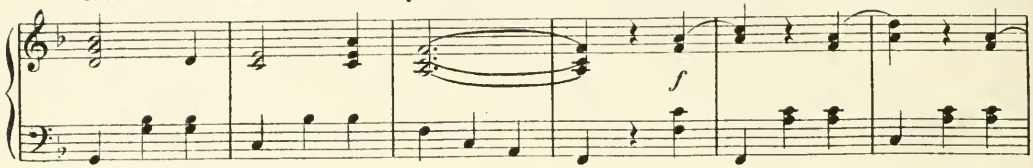
young friends here Are bet - ter off than you. You

think your wealth is ever - ry - thing, But "No - nie," Pod - die,

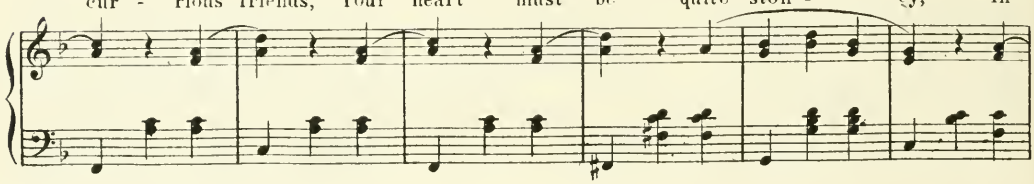
"No - nie," More pre-cious far than jew-els are, Is



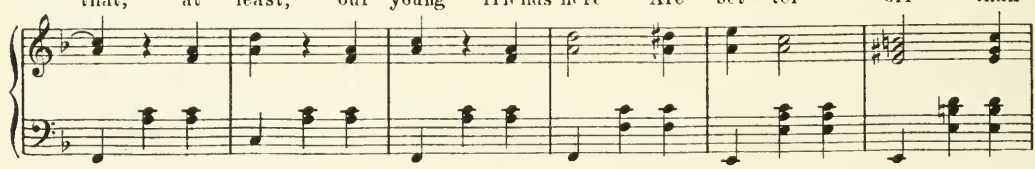
love that's meant for you. CHO. You must have had some



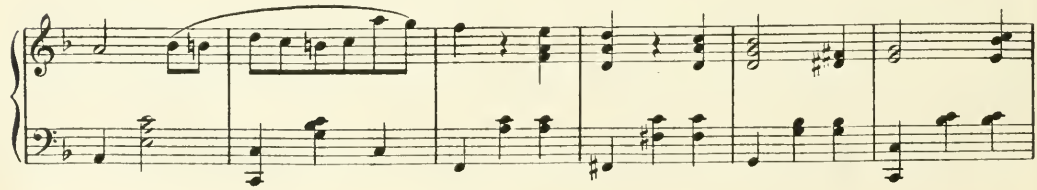
cur - rious friends, Your heart must be quite ston - - ey; In



that, at least, our young friends here Are bet - ter off than



you. You think your wealth is ev'r - ry - thing, But



"No - nie," Pod - die, "No - nie," More precious far than

jew - eis are, Is love that's meant for you. POD. Mister

p

Vivace.

Blake, this is a scan-dal, and it's one I won't per-mit. CHO. That is so; it is

p

one he won't per-mit! POD. This stu-pid girl shall not e - lope, sir, put a stop to it.

p

CHO. Shame! Sir, shame! don't in - ter - fere with it! BLAKE. Real-ly, Mis - ter Pod - more, you

f *p*

should be more po - lite. CHO. Right, Puck, right! Your guest is not po-lite. BLAKE. And I

f *p*

Meno mosso.

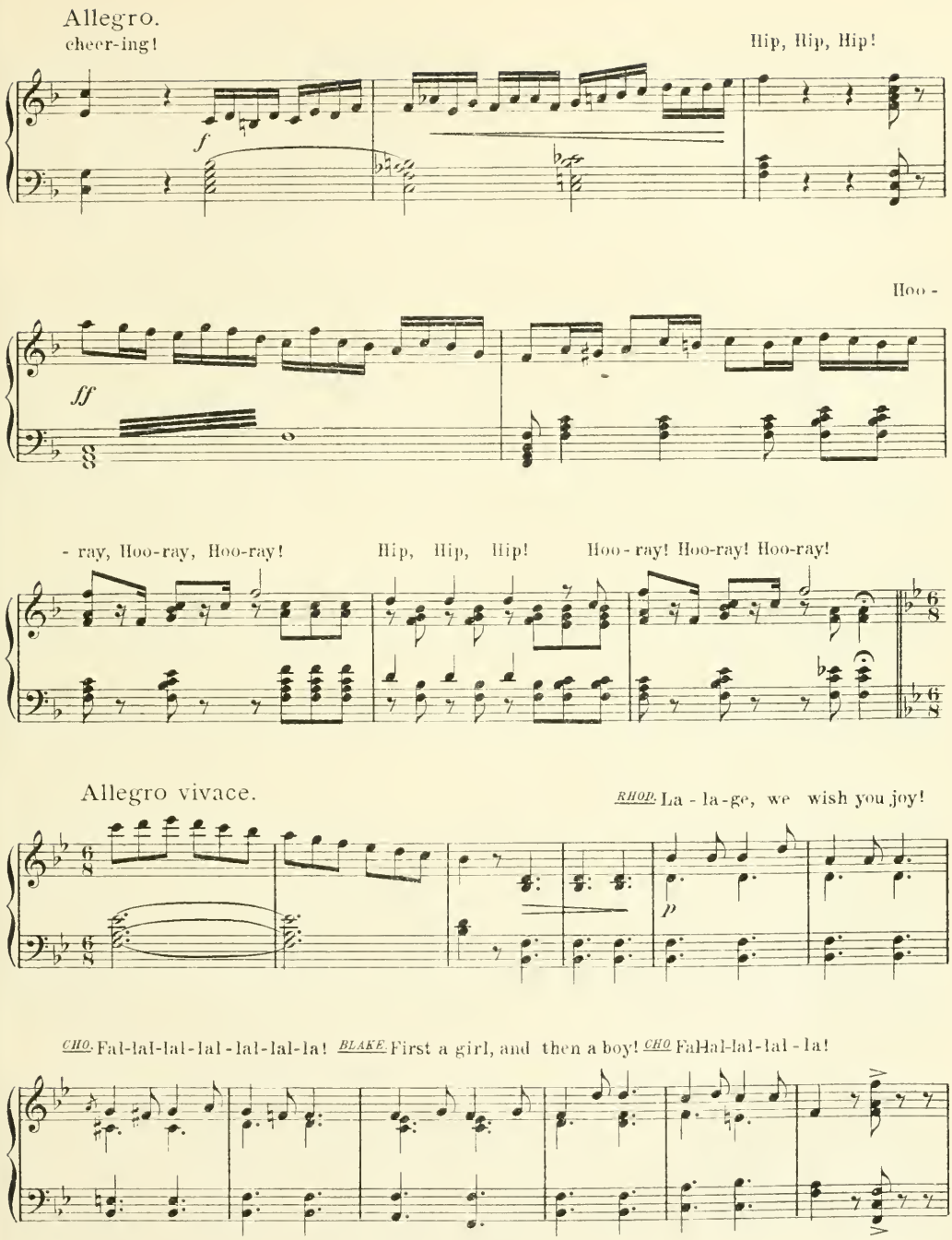
real-ly fail to see How you ac-quire the right To a - dopt this most un-gen-tle-man-ly

man-ner. Tempo I. KHOD. Oh! Pod-die, its a shame! Why

don't you play the game? You're constant-ly and rude-ly in - ter - fer - ing; Just

once, be-fore you go, Your sun-ny na-ture show; Be good now, come and help me start the

col voce


Allegro.
cheer-ing!
Hip, Hip, Hip!
f
Hoo -
ff
- ray, Hoo-ray, Hoo-ray!
Hip, Hip, Hip!
Hoo - ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
Allegro vivace.
RHOD. La - la - ge, we wish you joy!
p
CHO. Fal-lal-lal-lal - lal-lal-la! BLAKE First a girl, and then a boy! CHO Fal-lal-lal-lal - la!

PETER. Twelve month after, son and daughter! MAX. Then a pleasant trip by water, RHOD. FFT. MAX. Kiss her once, Kiss her twice,

Kiss her three times o - ver! CHO. La - la - ge, we wish you joy! Fal - lal-lal - lal - lal - lal-la!

f

First a girl, and then a boy! Fal - lal-lal - lal - la! Twelve month af - ter, son and daughter!

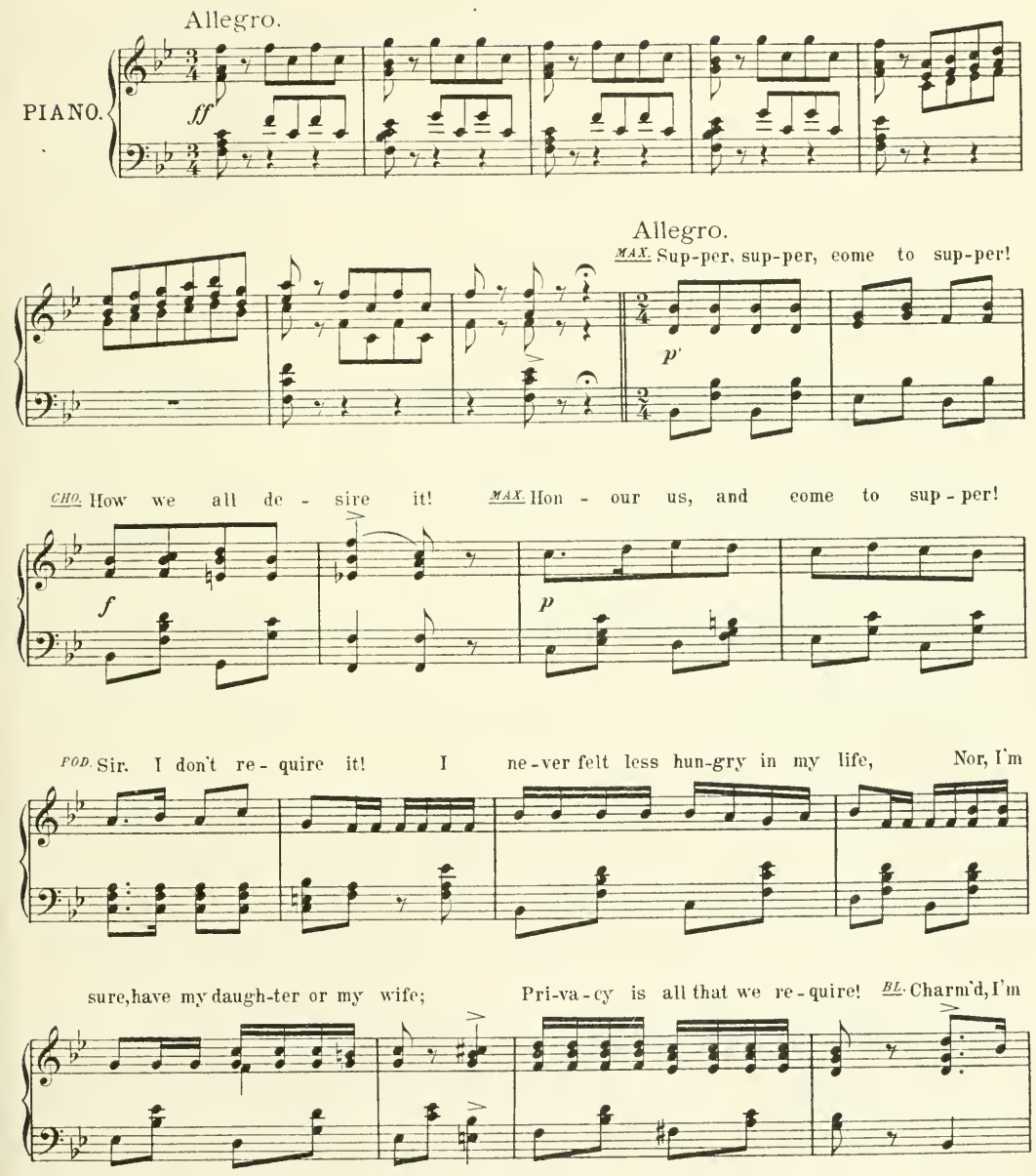
Then a pleasant trip by wa - ter, Kiss her once, Kiss her twice, Kiss her 3 times

o - ver!

ff

No. 11. FINALE.- "COME TO SUPPER".

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.



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sure, to ac-cede to your de - sire. PET. & MAX. May I take you down to sup-per?

f *p*

ELS. & NORA. I shall be de - light - ed! POD. I say that you want no sup-per! PET. & MAX. Our fond

rit. *col voce*

hopes, fond hopes, he's blight - ed. Tempo I°

YAR. Guv - 'nor, will you kind - ly

tell me, What's to be done with the mo - tor?

POD. Go to Ha - des! NORA. Tell me, Yark - er, Don't you think that you could float her?

YARK. Look 'ere, guv-'nor, When yer want me, you'll find me down at the gar- rage! MAX. To

L'istesso tempo.

go with-out sup-per, dear, When you're hun-gry is one of the pleasures of mar-riage. CHO. To

pp

go with-out sup-per When you are hun-gry is one of the pleas-ures of mar-riage.

Allegretto.

RHOD. Let them come to sup-per, Mis-ter Pod-more; Do not be un - kind. You

p

know ve-ry well you have to stay. So rec-on-cile your mind to for-tune's frown, And

make the best of your bad bar-gain. Chris - toph-er, be civ-il! ELS. May-n't we

go to sup-per, Pa-pa dar-ling? POD. Oh, go to the de-vil! RHOD. He

3

wants you to stay with him, my dear, He wants you to stay with

him; He real - - ly does not mean an - y

harm, It's on - - ly his whim. CHO. He

wants you to stay with him, my dear, He wants you to

stay with him; He real - ly does not mean an - y

harm, It's on - - ly his whim.

RHOD. Should grim hun-ger har-ass you, Per - haps a lit-tle nap 'll help you to for-get it, Pod-die.

Recit. *p*

If it does n't, eat this ap-ple.

f *ff* L. H.

Allegro vivo.

RHOD. Come, friends, to our sup-per par-ty!

f *p*

CHO. Com-ing, we are com-ing! BLAKE. Come, and bring ap-pe-tites hear-ty!

f *p*

CHO. Right, Puck, we're com-ing! Sup-per, sup-per, come to sup-per!

f *p*

How we all de - sire it! Sup-per, sup-per, come to sup-per! Great-ly we re -

- quire it. Sup - per, sup - per, come to sup - per! How we all de -

- sire it! Great-ly we re - quire it! How we all de - sire it,

Sup - per Great - ly we re - quire, Great - ly we re -

- quire Sup-per, sup-per, sup-per, sup-per, sup-per, sup-per, sup - per, sup - per. Come to sup-per!

f

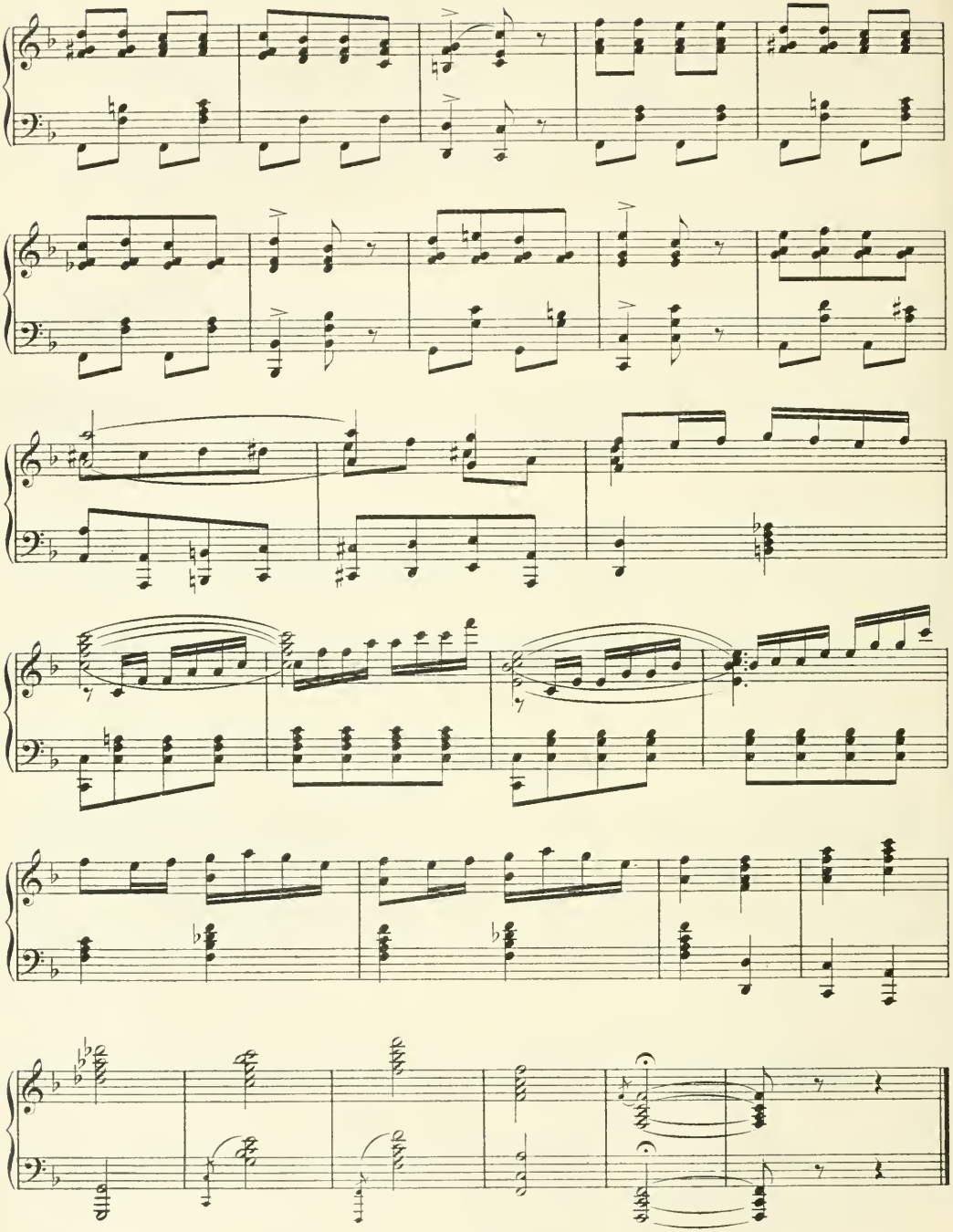
How we all de - sire it! Sup - per, sup - per, come to sup - per!

Great - ly we re - quire it! Sup - per, sup - per, come to sup - per!

How we all de - sire it! Great - ly we re - quire it,

Great - ly we re - quire it! Sup - per, Oh, come to sup, Come to

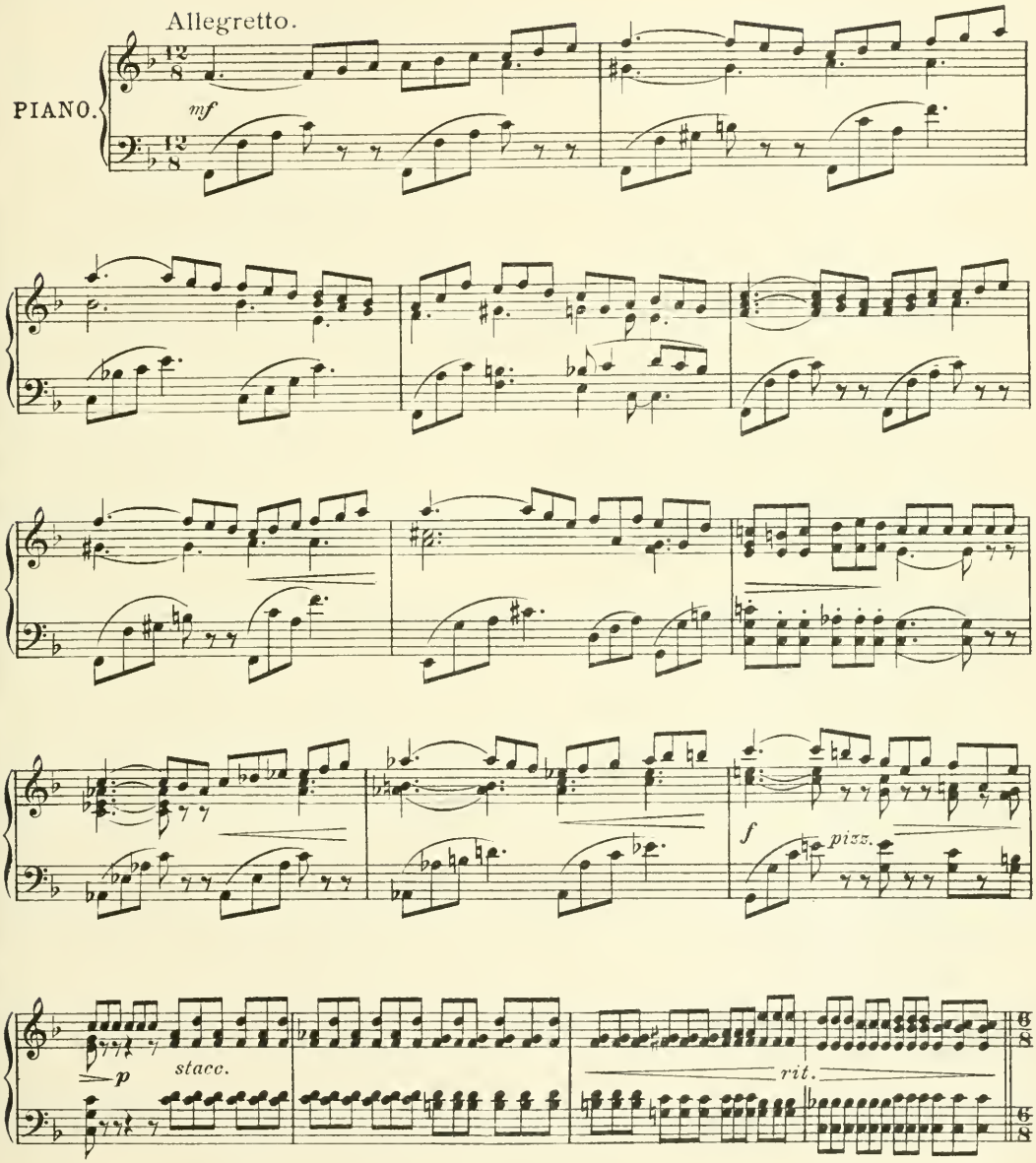
sup - per, come to sup, Come to sup - per!



ACT II.

No. 12. OPENING CHORUS.

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.



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Allegretto Moderato.

2nd time only NORA. Lis - ten, Christopher, Is it not charming? Are not these ar-tists de - lightfully sweet?
CHOR. Soon we all shall be dreami - ly danc-ing, Dancing the moon-la-den hours a - way,

p

POD. I must say that their manners are harmful to El-sie. ELS. Oh, Pa - pa! they're really a treat.
In the moonlight a dance is entranc - ing, Ne-ver give o - ver till dawn of day.

POD. There now, Elsie, thats what I was say - ing, Slangs out of place on the lips of a maid.
Soon we all shall be dreami-ly danc-ing, Dancing the e - ve-ning hours a - way;

ELSIE. I'm very sor-ry; I wish we were staying. P. We leave to morrow, so don't be a - fraid.
In the moonlight a dance is entrancing. Never give over till dawn of the day.

rit.

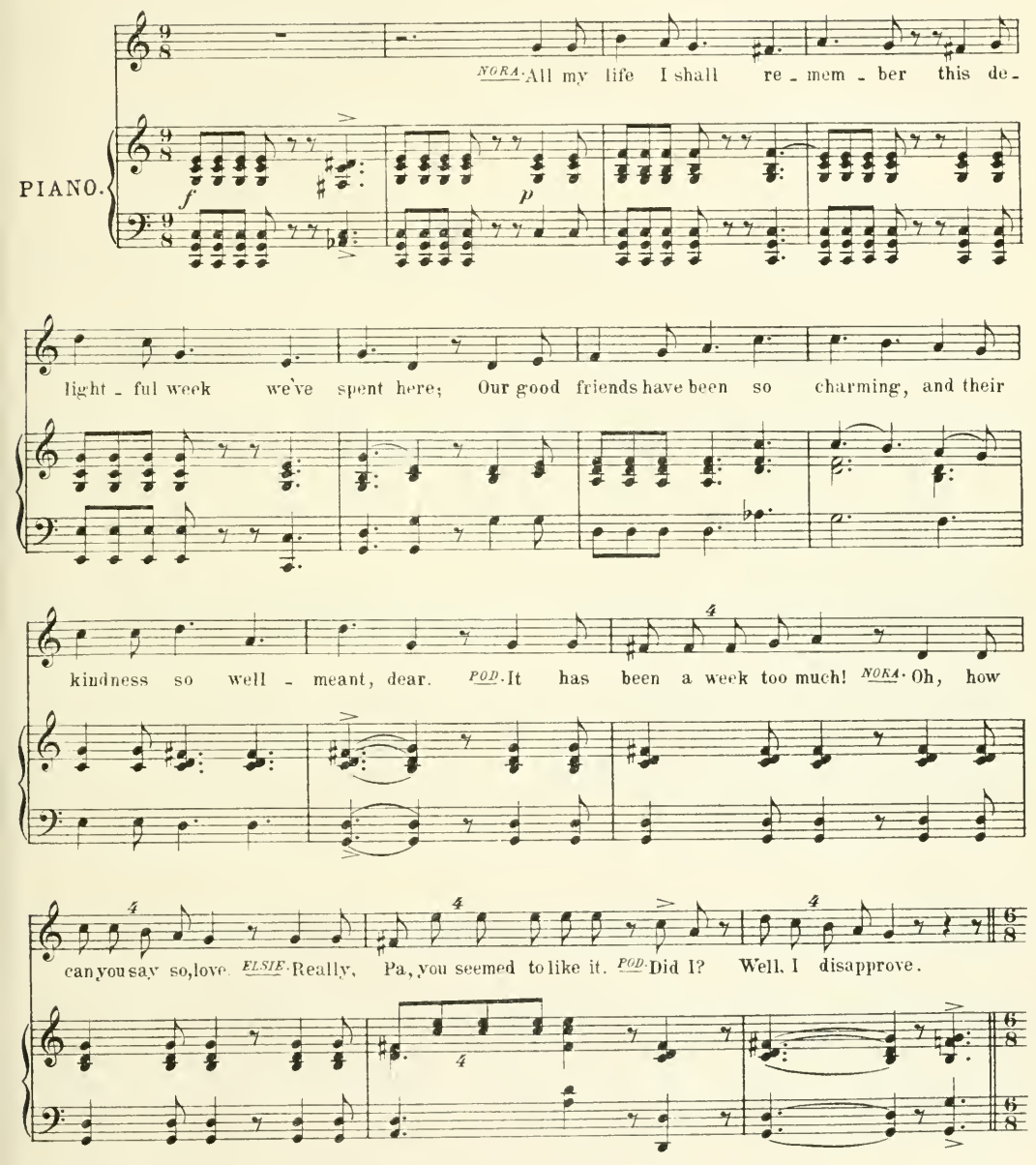
Allegretto.

segue

No 13. TRIO. "I DISAPPROVE."

(ELSIE, NORA, PODMORE.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.



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NORA. Christo - pher, don't be so bearish! (to ELSIE.) Do you think— POD. I dis - ap - prove.

NORA. Do you think green would be ga-rish, or pink? POD. I dis - ap - prove.

f

Allegro.

Fal - lals you're for e - ver buy - ing, You'll talk clothes when you lie dy - ing.

p

NORA. Christopher, you're ve - ry try - ing!

POD. I dis - ap - prove, I dis - ap - prove.

NORA. El-sie, please excuse your fa - ther; I'm a

p

fraid he is not well, dear. He is real - ly get - ting ra - ther. *P.* Hold your

f

tongue! NORA Oh, ve - ry well, dear! But you need not be so rough. (to ELSIE) Did the

lace come from the Louvre? *ELSIE.* Yes, Ma, and the purple stuff was, *POD.* Damme! Ma'am, I disaprove.

NORA Christo - pher, don't be so shocking! ELSIE Tell me, Ma. POD. I dis - ap - prove.

ELS. Tell me, Ma, what coloured stockings won't jar. POD. I dis - ap - prove.

f

Allegro.

NORA Now you've star - ted El - sie cry - ing, (to ELS) He's a brute! He's al - ways pry - ing.

POD. Fal - lals you're for ev - er buy - ing, You'll talk clothes when you lie dy - ing; I

p

ELS. Sor - ry, Ma, I cant help sigh - ing.
NORA Christo - pher! You're ve - ry try - ing!

tell you, Madame, *flat - ly* that I dis - approve, I dis - ap - prove.

No. 14. SONG. "THE LILY AND THE GRUB."

(ELSIE.)

WALTER DAVIDSON.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. In a bright green tub by a big front door There lived such a love - ly Li - ly; She was
2. So the Grub crawled off with a tear-dimmed eye, As he hum - bly— begged her par - don; And he
3. Then he turned his back on the big front door And the face of the lone - ly Li - ly: "Though your

fair to see and of high de - gree, But a -
nursed his grief 'neath a rhu - barb leaf In the
wel - come's free to the rich," said he, "To the

rit. *a tempo* *p* *pp*

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-las! she was vain and sil - - ly. A
heart of the kit - chen gar - - den. Then a
poor you are proud and chil - - ly." So he

Grub one day crawled a - round that way, And he
change set in, and he cast his skin, And his
said "fare - well," and the sun - light fell On his

climbed up the side of her tub, "May I beg," said he, "For a
old grub - by clothes he shed; And he sought the sky as a
wings as he flew from the tub To the rhu - barb leaf, where he'd

rit.

shel - ter, free From the rain, for a plain lit - tle Grub?" But the
but - ter - fly That was clad as an 'Ad - mir - al red. Then the
nursed his grief In the rain as a plain lit - tle Grub. Then the

Li - ly tossed her beauti - ful head, And "I've no room here for beggars," she said, And her
Li - ly turned her beauti - ful head, And "I'm so fond of the Navy" she said, But his
Li - ly hung her beauti - ful head, For the springtime of her beauty had fled, And her

leaves she shook with the scornful look Of a la - dy that's high - ly bred:
head he shook with the scornful look Of an of - fi - cer high - ly bred:
pet - als she shook with a wilt - ed look, Till the gar - d'ner came and said:

"Your place is a cabbage bed, Not an or - nament - al tub; So
"Now I am a but - ter - fly, But I don't for - get the snub That I
"Your place is the rub - bish heap, Not an or - nament - al tub! You shall

nev - er more come to my front door, You scrubby old, grubby old Grub!"
got be - fore when I sought your door As a scrubby old, grubby old Grub!"
stand no more by the big front door, You scrubby old, grubby old shrub!"

rit. *f*

No 15. SONG.—"MORALS."

(RHODANTE)

WALTER DAVIDSON and T. H. READ. WALTER DAVIDSON.

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO.

f *dim - in - uendo* *pp*

1. In each tale of our youth is a great mo - ral truth That with
2. From Bo - peep and her sheep let us strive to de - rive A
3. Now I think we may learn something more, if we turn To the
4. "There was once an old wo - man who lived in a shoe" Is a

fic - tion is skil - ful - ly blend - ed. Take that touching old tale, Jack and
les - son for rich and for poor - ish: From the way she mis - laid all her
lamb and the maid - en, called Ma - ry: Now her mo - del young sheep, un - like
sto - ry we learn in our era - dle; How her children un - ru - ly she

Jill and the pail, And the hill they to - geth - er as - cend - ed: From the
flock, I'm a - fraid That Bo - peep was a bit a - ma - teur - ish. To re -
those of Bo - peep, Ne - ver strayed in fact quite the con tra - ry. Where
pun - ished un - du - ly, And fed them on slops with a lad - dle. Knowing

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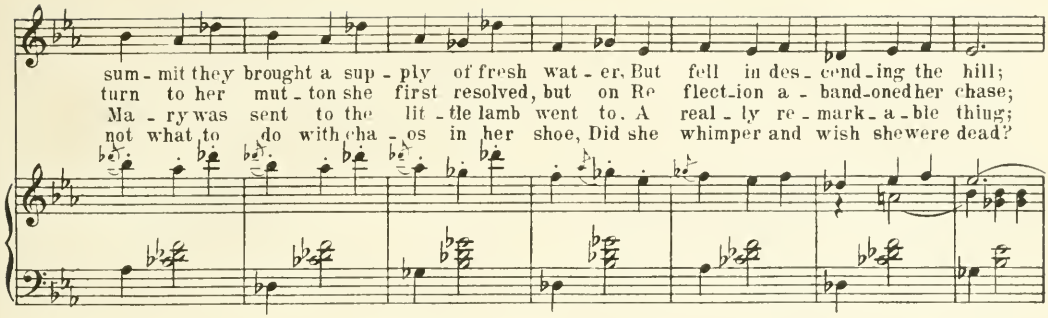
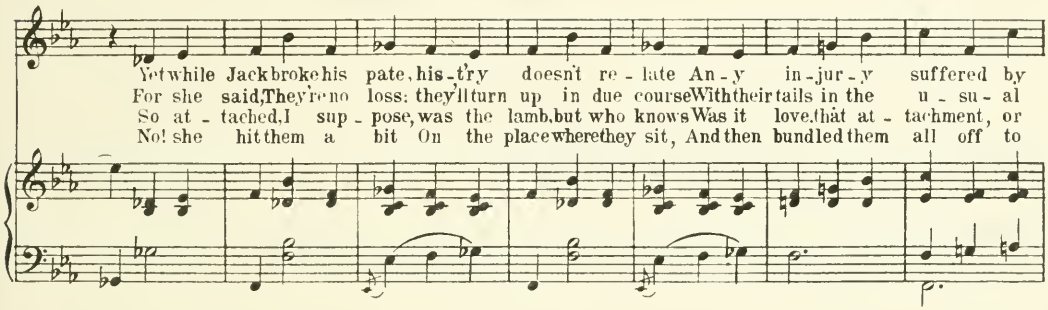
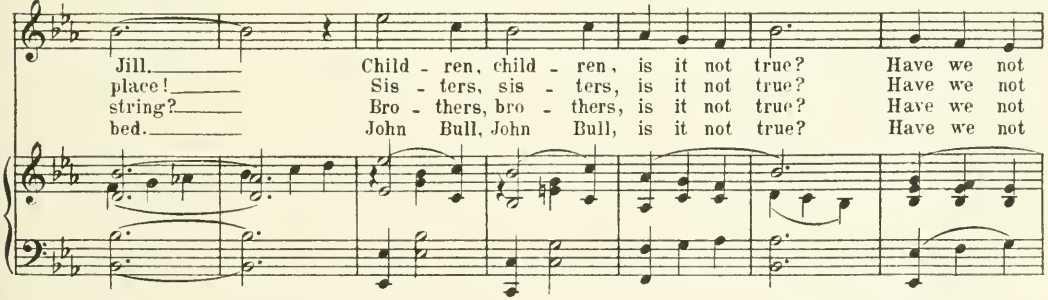
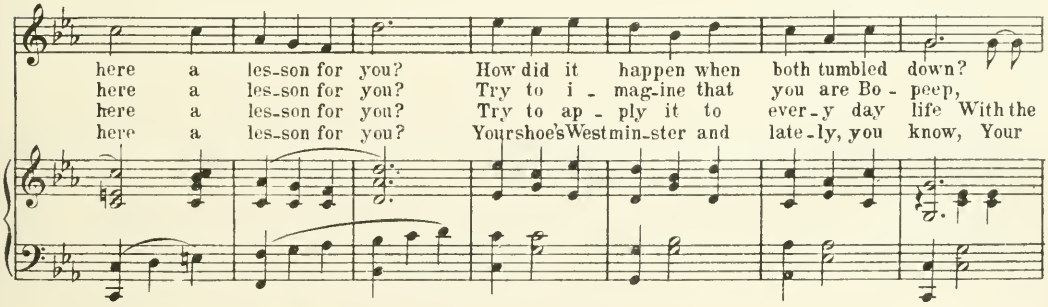

sum - mit they brought a sup - ply of fresh wat - er, But fell in des - cend - ing the hill;
turn to her mut - ton she first resolved, but on Re flect - ion a - band - oned her chase;
Ma - ry was sent to the lit - tle lamb went to. A real - ly re - mark - a - ble thing;
not what to do with cha - os in her shoe, Did she whimper and wish she were dead?


Yet while Jack broke his pate, his - t'ry doesn't re - late An - y in - jur - y suffered by
For she said, They're no loss: they'll turn up in due course With their tails in the u - su - al
So at - tached, I sup - pose, was the lamb, but who knows Was it love, that at - tachment, or
No! she hit them a bit On the place where they sit, And then bundled them all off to

REFRAIN.


Jill. Child - ren, child - ren, is it not true? Have we not
place! Sis - ters, sis - ters, is it not true? Have we not
string? Bro - thers, bro - thers, is it not true? Have we not
bed. John Bull, John Bull, is it not true? Have we not


here a les - son for you? How did it happen when both tumbled down?
here a les - son for you? Try to i - mag - ine that you are Bo - peep,
here a les - son for you? Try to ap - ply it to ever - y day life With the
here a les - son for you? Your shoe's West min - ster and late - ly, you know, Your

rit.

Jack was the par-ty who fractured his Crown;— Jill was un-in-jured for
Likewise con-si-der your hus-band a sheep:— If you should find him ad-
lamb for the husband and Ma-ry the wife.— Like cer-tain cou-ples whom
brats— in of-fice have queered the whole show.— Act on the plan of the

rit.

Jack broke her fall. What is the les-son in this for us all? Poss-i-bly
-dict-ed to roam, Leave him a-lone and in time he'll come home, And like Bo-
all of us know, Ever-y-where she went the lamb used to go; But we are
old wo-man who Turned to and proved she was boss of her shoe; Don't ig-nore

Jill would have come off the worst Had Jack been po-li-ter, and said,— "Ladies
-peep's sheep you'll find he'll not fail When he comes to bring with him a beau - ti-ful
not told, and doubt-ful I am, Whether that was en-tire-ly the fault— Of the
long-er the trou-ble they've spread, Just smack them all sound-ly and put— Them to

1. 2 & 3rd Verse. | *4th Verse.*

first! | bed!
tale.
lamb.

f *ff* *ff*

No 16. DUET:-"NIL DESPERANDUM!"

(GILBERT and MAX.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Allegretto.

PIANO

p

GILBERT. Do not des-pair, my friend, for you'll come to your own a - gain, And tho' your Phyl - lis now is cool, still in her heart you reign. So

f laugh, my friend, and do not lend your mind to thoughts so ran - dom, But hap - py be, And sing with me "Nil Des - per - - an - dum!"

p *mf* *f*

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GILBERT. Nil Des - per - an - - dum! Nil Des - per - an - dum! The

MAX. Nil Des - per - an - - dum! Nil Des - per - an - dum! The

Mot - to's old, But it is true gold, Nil Des - per - an - dum!

Mot - to's old, But it is true gold, Nil Des - per - an - dum!

Nil Des - per - an - - dum! Nil Des - per - an - dum! The

Nil Des - per - an - - dum! Nil Des - per - an - dum! The

Mot - to's old, But it is true gold, Nil Des - per - an - dum!

Mot - to's old, But it is true gold, Nil Des - per - an - dum! Oh!

MAX. had my love ne'er smiled on me, I ne'er had known the pain, But

p

think how false, How cru - el she, To treat me with dis - dain. It

f

is not kind of that fair mind To hurl its darts at ran - dom; Yet

love is king, and so I'll sing: "Nil Des - per - - an - dum!"

fz

GILBERT. Nil Des - per - an - - dum! Nil Des - per - an - dum! The

MAX. Nil Des - per - an - - dum! Nil Des - per - an - dum! The

Mot-to's old, But it is true gold, Nil Des - per - an - dum!

Mot-to's old, But it is true gold, Nil Des - per - an - dum!

Nil Des-per - an - - dum! Nil Des - per - an - dum! The Mot-to's old, But it

Nil Des-per - an - - dum! Nil Des - per - an - dum! The Mot-to's old, But it

is true gold, Nil Des - per - an - dum!

is true gold, Nil Des - per - an - dum!

No 17. ENSEMBLE AND DANCE OF PARISIANS.

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Tempo di Valse Brillante.

PIANO.

ff

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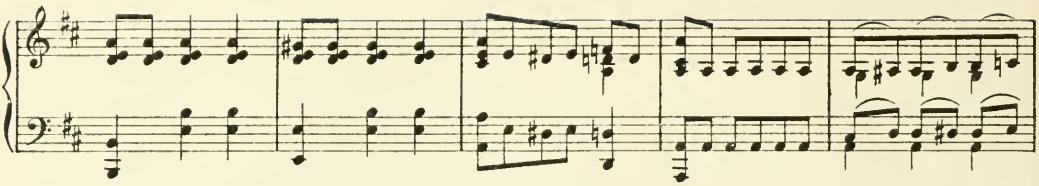
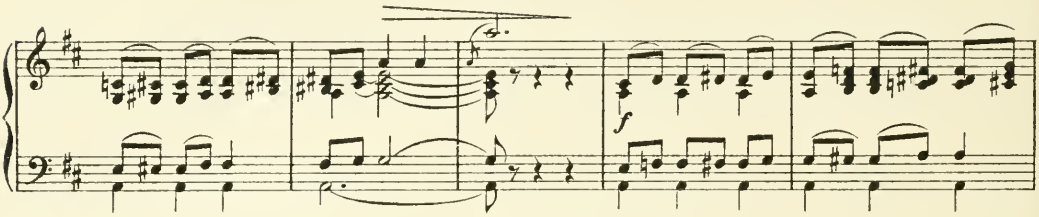
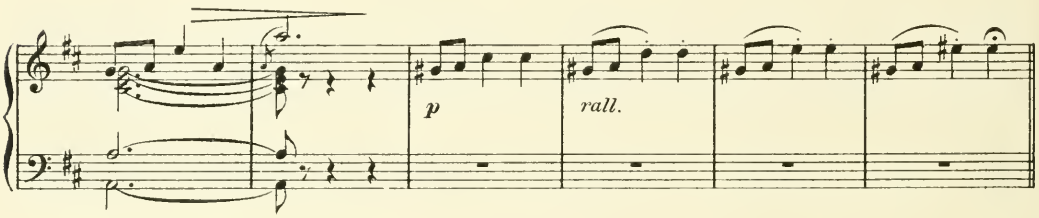
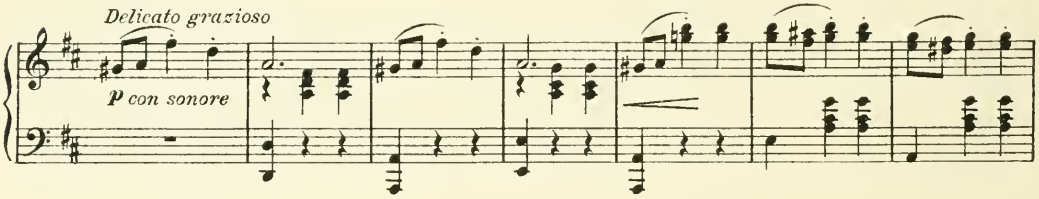
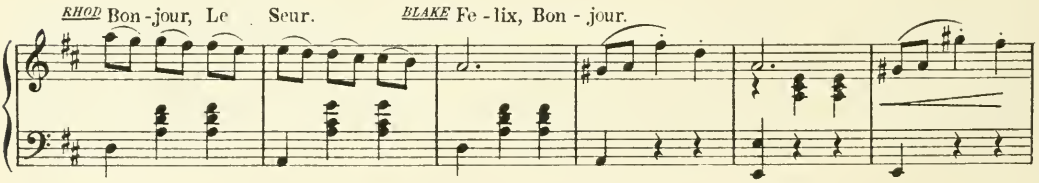
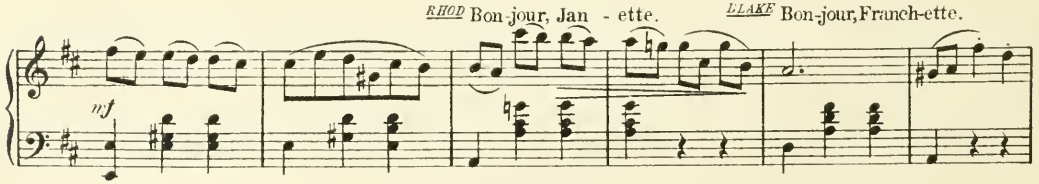



f


p
rall.


Delicato grazioso
p con sonore


RHOD Bon-jour, Le Seur.
BLAKE Fe-lix, Bon-jour.


RHOD Bon-jour, Jan-ette.
BLAKE Bon-jour, Franch-ette.
mf

RHOD Bon-jour, Bon - jour. BLAKE Ah, mon a -

f

Ped.

-mie!

Dolce

p

Ped.

RHOD Bonjour, Y-

-vette. BLAKE Bon-jour, Nin - ette.

cresc.

BLAKE Vou - lez vous dans-er? RHOD Vou-lez vous dans - er?

p

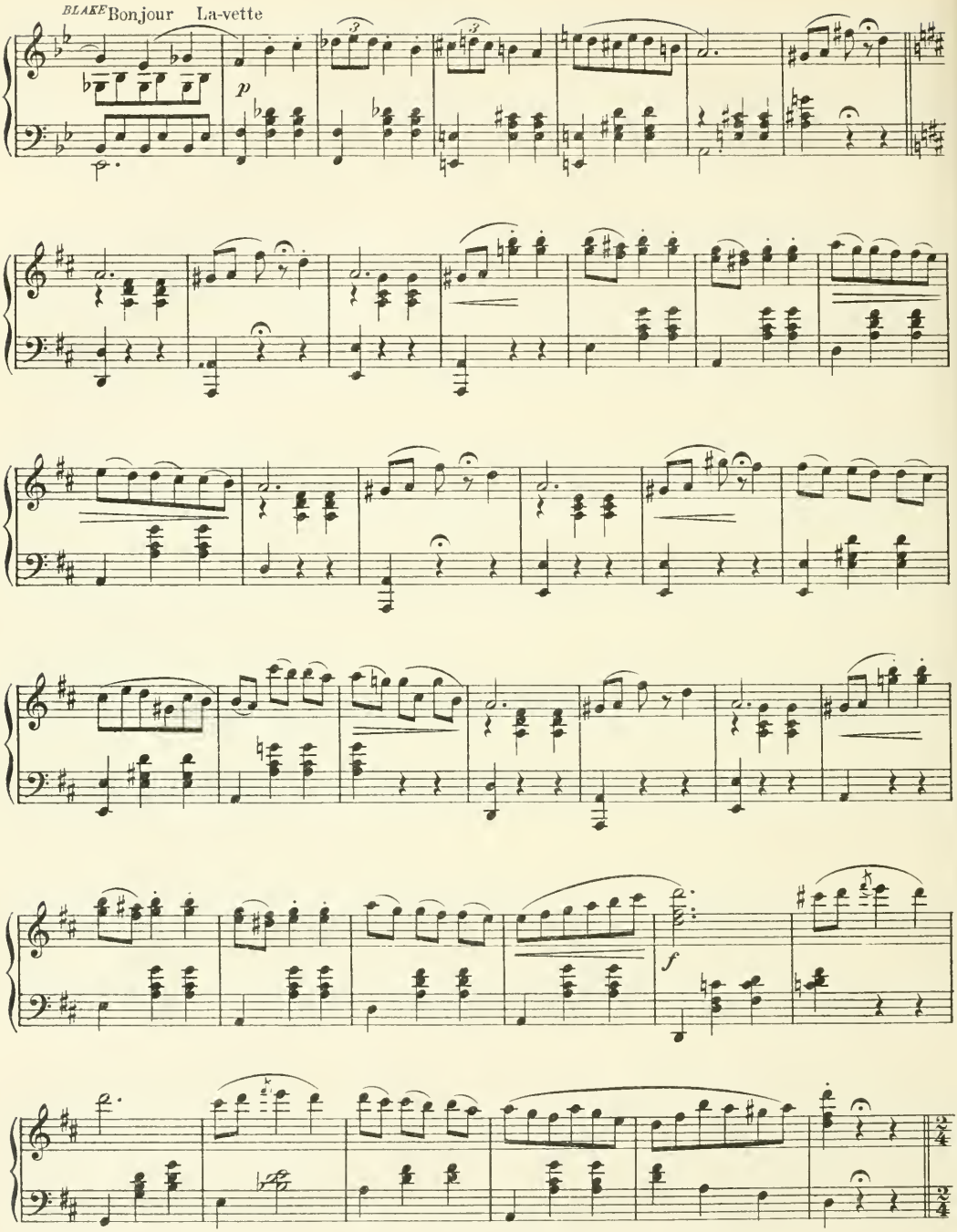
con sonore

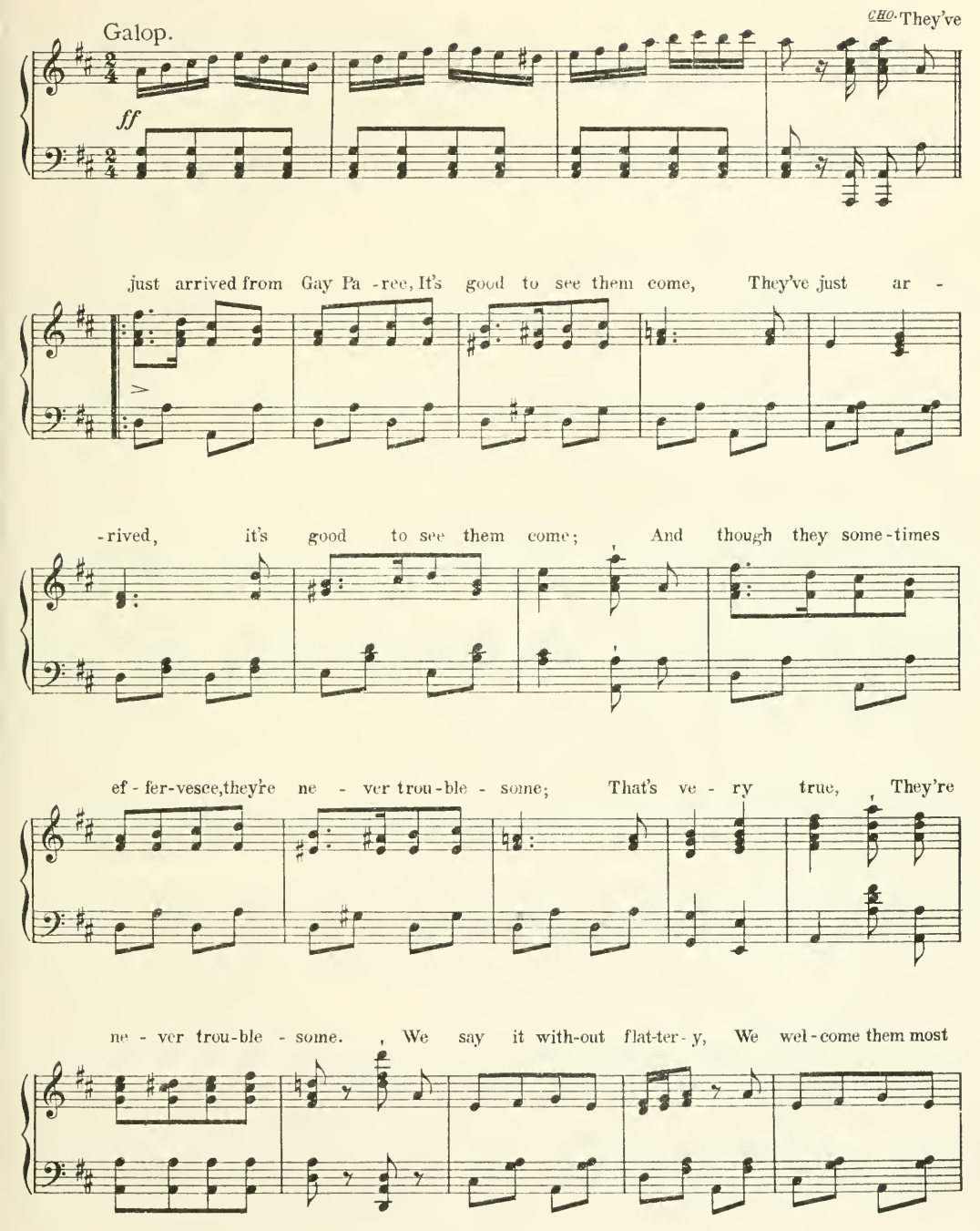
rit. molto

a tempo

f

RHOD Bon-jour, Bon - jour. *dim.*


BLAKE Bonjour La-vette
p
f


Galop.
ff
CHO. They've
just arrived from Gay Pa -ree, It's good to see them come, They've just ar -
-rived, it's good to see them come; And though they some-times
ef - fer-vesce, they're ne - ver trou-ble - some; That's ve - ry true, They're
ne - ver trou-ble - some. We say it with-out flat-ter - y, We wel-come them most

gleeful-ly, They are the best of com-pa-ny, An an-ti-dote to gloom. We

say it with-out flat-ter-y We wel-come them most glee-ful-ly, They are the best of

8

com-pa-ny. They drop in like a bomb, boom, boom, boom, boom,

8

Drum

Al-lez! Al-lez! Al-lez! Al-lez!

L.H.

Allegretto.

p

RHOD This is my friend, Mon-sieur Pod - more, Un grand Seig-neur An - glais, Mess-ieur Hen - ri, Fe - lix, Le Seur. Mess - ieurs Mai- tre, Jos - eph and Fey; Mes-dames Jan - ette, Fran-chette, Y - -vette, Nin - ette, There now You've met.

PARISIANS We're charmed in-deed to meet Mon-sieur. POD Bong

Jaw! Bong Jaw! Bong Jaw!

BLAKE Where is my lit - tle Mig - non - ette? Did she not come with you? PARISIANS She

say, 'tell Puck, "I'm des - o - late, be - cause I can't get through!" CHO Mig - non-ette! who's

agitato *f*

Mig - non-ette? Oh, tell us, Puck, please do! BLAKE When last I went to

p

town we met; She's clocks down to her shoe! CHO What! Clocks down to her shoe!

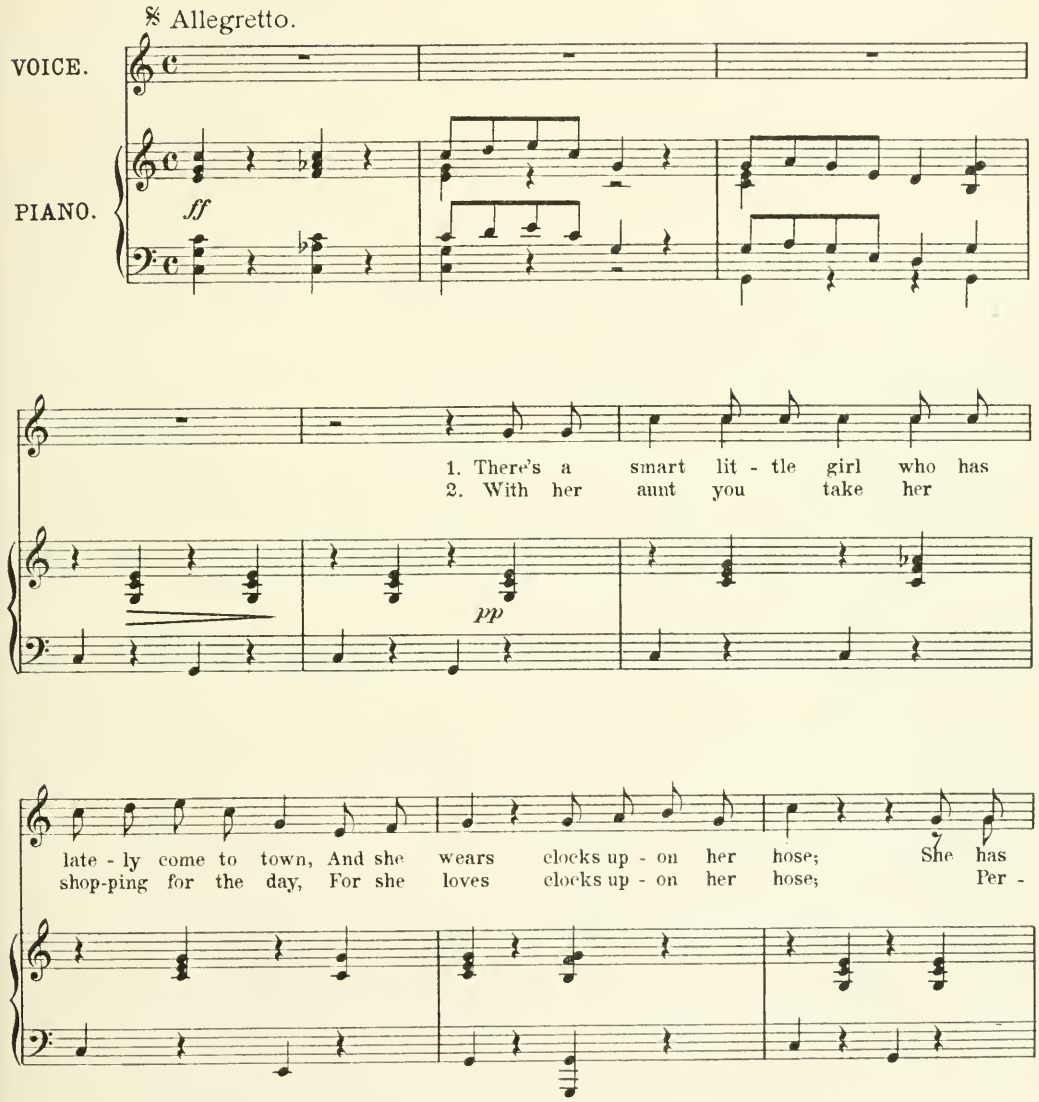
f *marcato*

Segue

No 18. SONG & CHORUS. "THE GIRL WITH THE CLOCKS."

(WIDGERY BLAKE.)

WALTER DAVIDSON & T. H. READ. WALTER DAVIDSON.



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eyes of blue and hair a rud - dy brown, And oh, such a pret - ty
- haps you think there won't be much to pay, But you're wrong, trust to one who

nose. In dress and hats she's a ve - ry nat - ty taste, She's a
knows. She'll trot you off to a ha - ber - dash - er's shop, In the

pret - ty lit - tle an - kle and a ta - per lit - tle waist; And that lit - tle an - kle's
ho - sier - y de - part - ment for an hour you have to stop, And when the bill comes in your

REFRAIN.

sin - gul - ar - ly graced By the clocks up - on her hose.
watch you have to pop For the clocks up - on her hose.
So keep your

eye on the girl with the clock-ing on her stock-ing, She's a dear! If you see her with the

fril-ling on her frock-ing, in the street, when you meet her, Bow and greet her,

She won't run a-way. But if you ask her to dine she'll de-

cline_ "ne-ver met you," says she "can't with-out Aunt". Take her Aunt and she'll let you, For the

girl is on-ly mock-ing, She's got clock-ing on her stock-ing, So she does know the time of day.

CHORUS. 1st Verse.

Sop.I. eye up - on the girl

Sop.II. So keep your eye on the girl with the clock-ing on her stock-ing, She's a dear, Should you see her with the

Alto. So keep your eye on the lit - tle girl who

Tenor.

Bass.

She's a dear.

fril - ling on her frock-ing In the street, when you meet her, Bow and greet her,

walks down the street, when you meet her, Bow and greet her,

ask

she won't run a - way. But if you ask her to dine, She'll de -

she won't run a - way. But if you ask her

her to dine The

- cline, ne - ver met you, say's she can't with-out aunt, take her aunt and she'll let you, For the

to dine, ask her aunt too For the

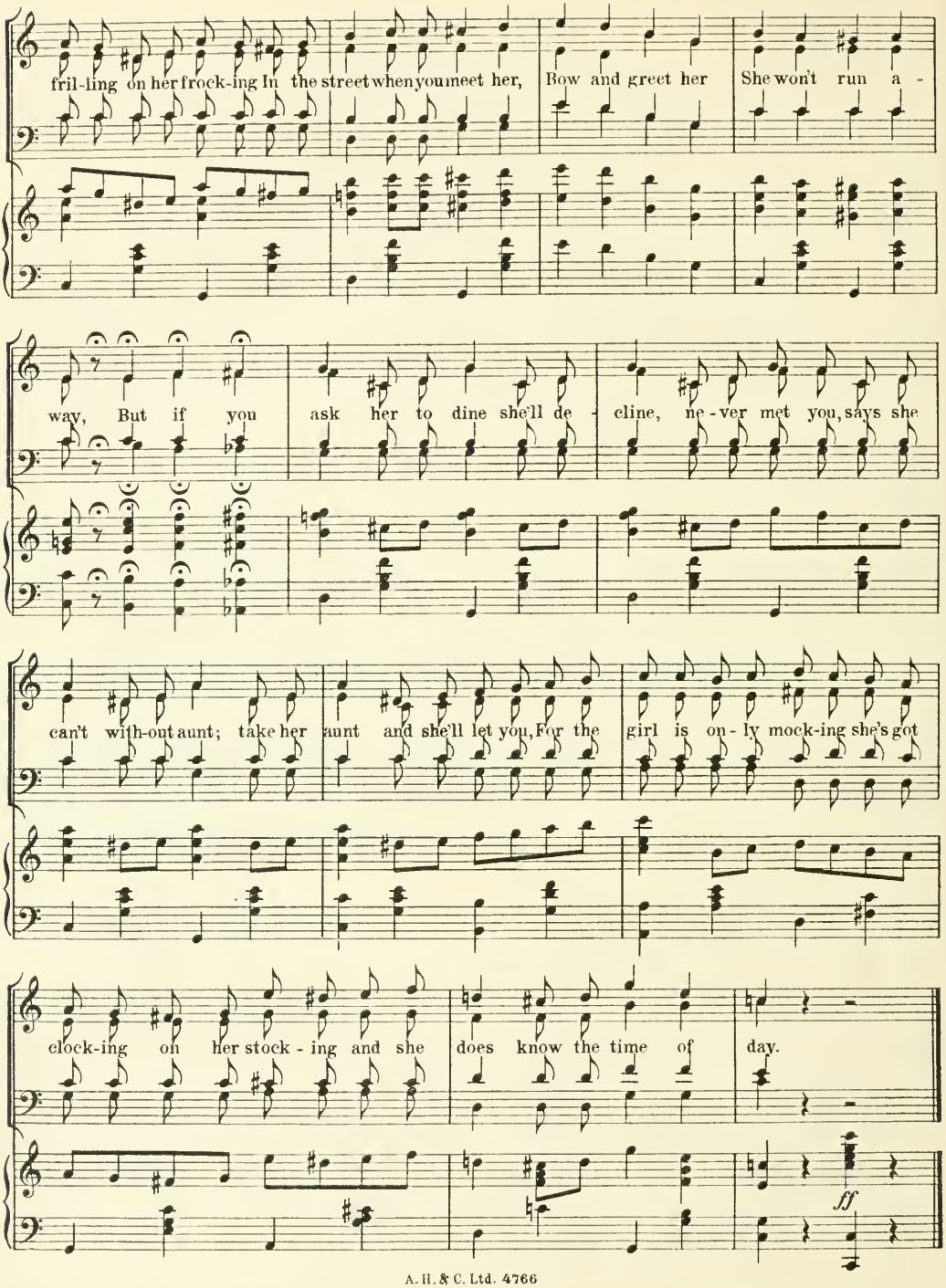
girl is on-ly mock-ing, She's got clock-ing on her stock-ing and she does know the time of day.

girl is on-ly mock-ing, She's got clock-ing on her stock-ing and she does know the time of day.

ff

2nd CHORUS.
2nd Verse.

eye on the girl with the clock-ing on her stock-ing, She's a dear! Should you see her with the


fril-ling on her frock-ing In the street when you meet her, Bow and greet her She won't run a -
way, But if you ask her to dine she'll de - cline, ne - ver met you, says she
can't with-out aunt; take her aunt and she'll let you, For the girl is on - ly mock-ing she's got
clock-ing on her stock - ing and she does know the time of day.
ff

No. 19. SONG. — NEVER MIND.

(RHODANTE.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE. PIANO.

Ah! be - lieve me, You will find ne - ver constant to one mind. Lovers wa - ver with the wind, Stor - my gusts bring up the rain, Each to-morrow brings a - gain Vows as frail And hopes as vain.

p *rit.* *pp* *rit.*

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a tempo

Stor-my love must end in tears: Woo it with its hopes and fears; Fick-le still,

mf *a tempo* *cresc.*

it dis-ap-pears. Does he praise your lips and eyes With a storm of vows and

mf

sighs Of a love that ne-ver dies? Wait, to-mor-row your fond lov-er Swears as

mad-ly to an-oth-er Thus e-ter-nal-ly to love her.

rit. *rit.* *f*

Più mosso.

When your heart with grief is torn, Will you

p

sit and sigh for-lorn For a faith-less lov-er gone? No! but answer scorn with

rit.

cresc. *f* *p rit.*

scorn. Love came light as breezes blow; As he came the rogue shall go: To the

dolce

winds his plead-ing throw. Ah! be-lieve me when you find Lov-er of in-constant mind:

colla voce

Fling him from you to the wind! Find an-oth-er! Never mind.

f *f* *f*

No. 20. DUET.—"A LESSON FROM THE FRENCH."

(RHODANTHE AND YARKER.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf *p*

RHOD. If to

RHOD. If the

court - ship you've a lean - ing, You must cul - ti - vate "fi - nesse!" Do you

maid is proud and haugh - ty, Do not wor - ry, all is well: Raise your

un - der - stand my mean - ing? C'est "tou - jours la po - li - tesse!" YAR. That is

hat, "Com-ment vous por - tez vous, ma char-mante mam - oi - selle?" YAR. If she's

so; I must ad - mit, Miss, I have tried it once or twice— Tas - ty

up - pish when you meet 'er, Need - n't wor - ry, no - thing's wrong. Lift your

frock, I like yer kit, Miss; Chase me, dear, you do look nice. Is that

tile and gai - ly greet her— 'Ul - lo, Li - za, go - ing strong? Is that

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right? RHOD. Well, no— not quite. Such re - marks are im - po - lite.
right? RHOD. Well, no— not quite. Such re - marks are im - po - lite.

REFRAIN.

"Tas - ty frocks," you know, and "chase me" Aren't con - sid - dered comme il faut. YAR. Chuck it,
"Go - ing strong," and "Ul - lo, Li - za" Aren't con - sid - dered comme il faut. YAR. Must - n't

Miss, you seem to place me With the low - est of the low. RHOD. Take a
'ol - ler when you see her, Shut your mouth for 'arf - a - mo. RHOD. Take a

les - son from the French-man; When you woo a pret - ty maid, Nev - er
les - son from the French-man; When she dawns up - on your view, Bow, and

1st Verse. 2nd Verse.

use the words you men-tion, BOTH. Nev-er call a spade a spade.
say, "Bon-jour, ma che - rie!" YAR. What oh! cher-ry, 'ow - de - do!

No. 21. FINALE:-"OH, LIFE IS A BUBBLING SPRING".

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO.

ff

f

Oh, life is a bubbling spring of joy and fun, of joy and

p

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fun, fa la, la, la, fa la, la, la. And love is a glittering

King bright as the sun, bright as the sun, fa la, la, la, fa la, la, la. And

so we'll masquer-ade in hab - it spen - did, And care for nought, and care for

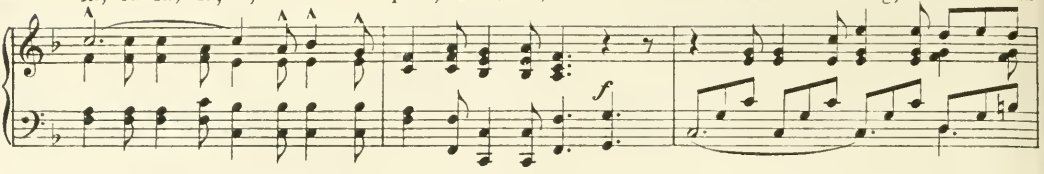
nought. And march a - long with dance and song till night is end - ed,

We're out for sport. Vi - va vi - va. Oh, life is a bubbling

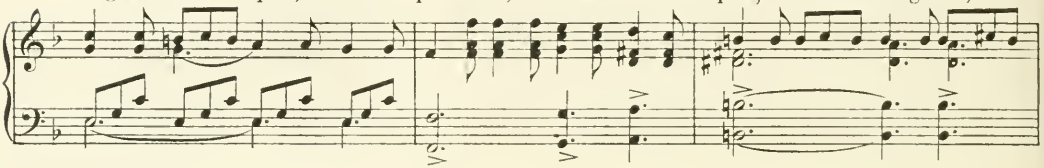
f

spring of joy and fun, of joy and fun, fa la, la, la, fa la, la, la, of joy and fun, fa la, la,

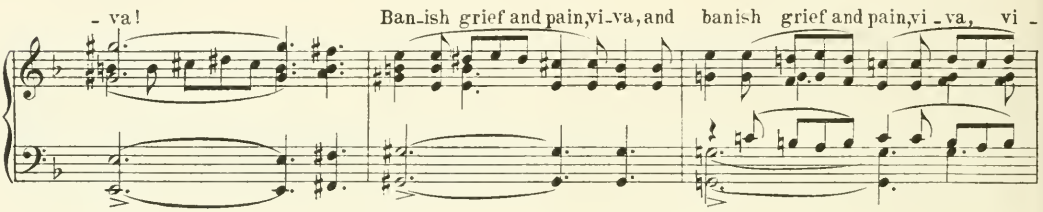
la, fa la, la, la, We're out for sport, fa la, la, la. With dance and song, with dance and



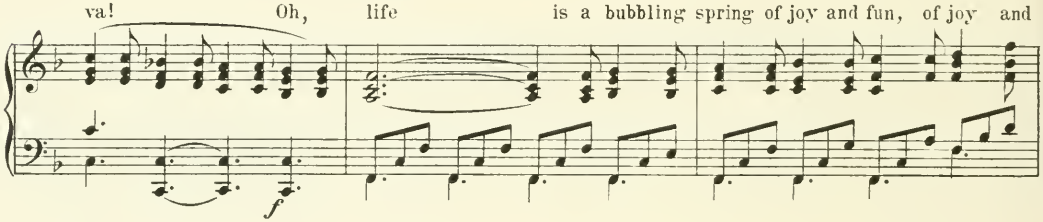
song we're out for sport, we're out for sport. Viva, vi-va! We're out for sport, with dance and song. Viva, vi-



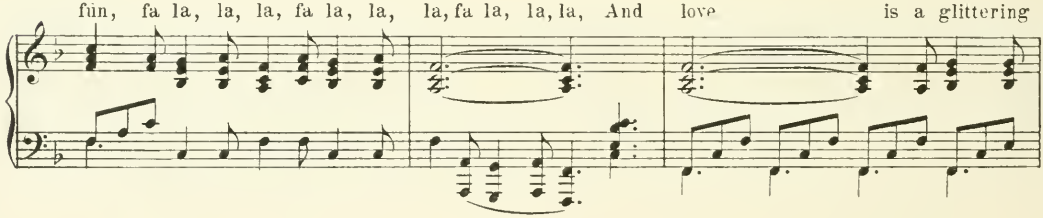
-va! Ban-ish grief and pain, vi-va, and banish grief and pain, vi-va, vi-



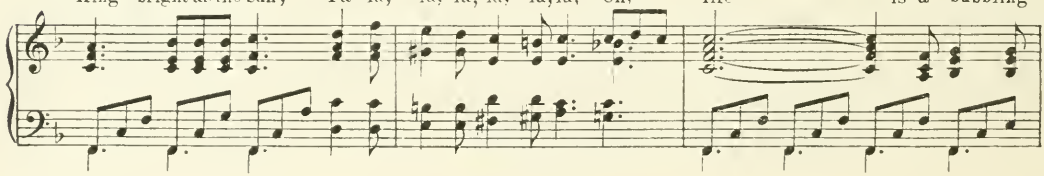
va! Oh, life is a bubbling spring of joy and fun, of joy and



fun, fa la, la, la, fa la, la, la, fa la, la, la, And love is a glittering



King bright as the sun, Fa la, la, la, la, la, la, Oh, life is a bubbling



spring of joy and fun, of joy and fun. We're out for sport, we're out for sport, we're out for

sport. Vi - va! Oh, ban - ish grief and pain, We're out for

cresc.

sport, vi - va, Fri - vol - i - ty shall reign. Al - lez, al - lez! Vi - va, vi - va! Frivol - i -

ff

-ty shall reign, shall reign, shall reign, shall

reign, shall reign. En - ter pan - de - mon - i - um, en - ter pan - de - mon - i -

- um! Then march a - long with dance and song.

ff

Allegro moderato. BLAKE. Fair butter-fly, we welcome you. Our sweet witch has been busy; She

follows in the footsteps of her an-ces-tress, Cir-ce.

POD. No, Cir-ce turned her lovers in-to pigs; and,

Puck, my trans-for-mation's so com-plete, it makes me diz-zy. Our

witch has turned her pig in-to a lover. Man, d'ye see?

rit.

Valse moderato.

RHOD. Gentlemen fair, you flatter me great-ly,

rit.

Though it is pleasant your praise comes too soon; I do not care to take so much

credit, Our butterfly's merely es-caped his co - coon. CHO. Gentlemen fair, you flatter her

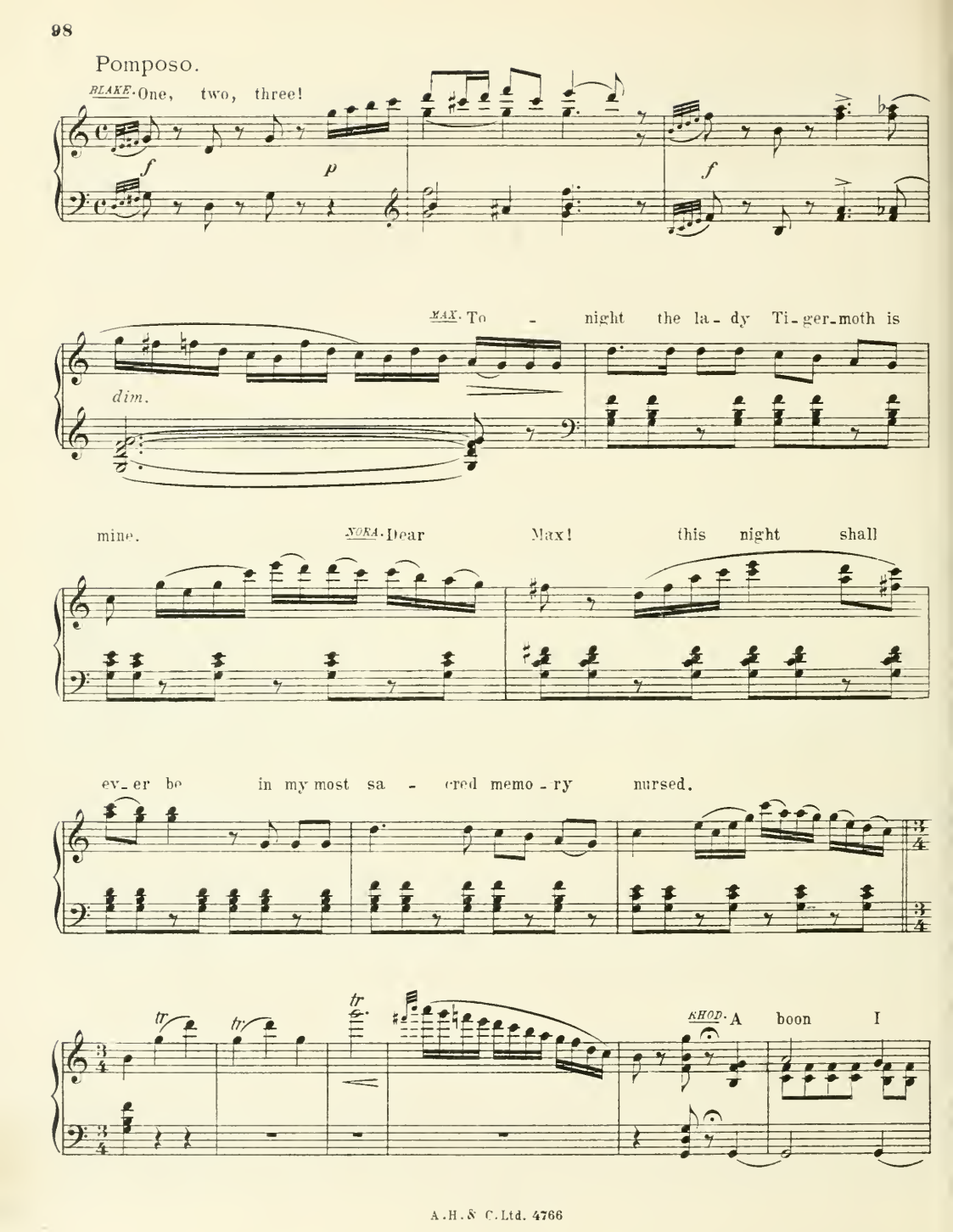
rit. *a tempo* *mf*

great - ly, Though it is pleasant your praise comes too soon; She does not care to

take so much cre - dit, Our butter - fly's mere - ly es - caped his co - coon.

Melos.

diminuendo


Pomposo.
BLAKE. One, two, three!
f
p
f
MAX. To - night the la - dy Ti - ger - moth is
dim.
mine.
NOKA. Dear Max! this night shall
ev - er be in my most sa - cred memo - ry nursed.
tr
tr
tr
KHOD. A boon I

crave, my butter-fly di - vine:— It is that you will dance with me,

p 2nd time *f*

Just for to - night be kind; And when day dawns, dear But - ter -

fly, Sweet dreams shall hold your mind! CHO. It is that you will dance with

her, Just for to - night be kind; And when day dawns, dear Butter-

-fly, Sweet dreams shall hold your mind! - fly, sweet dreams shall hold your

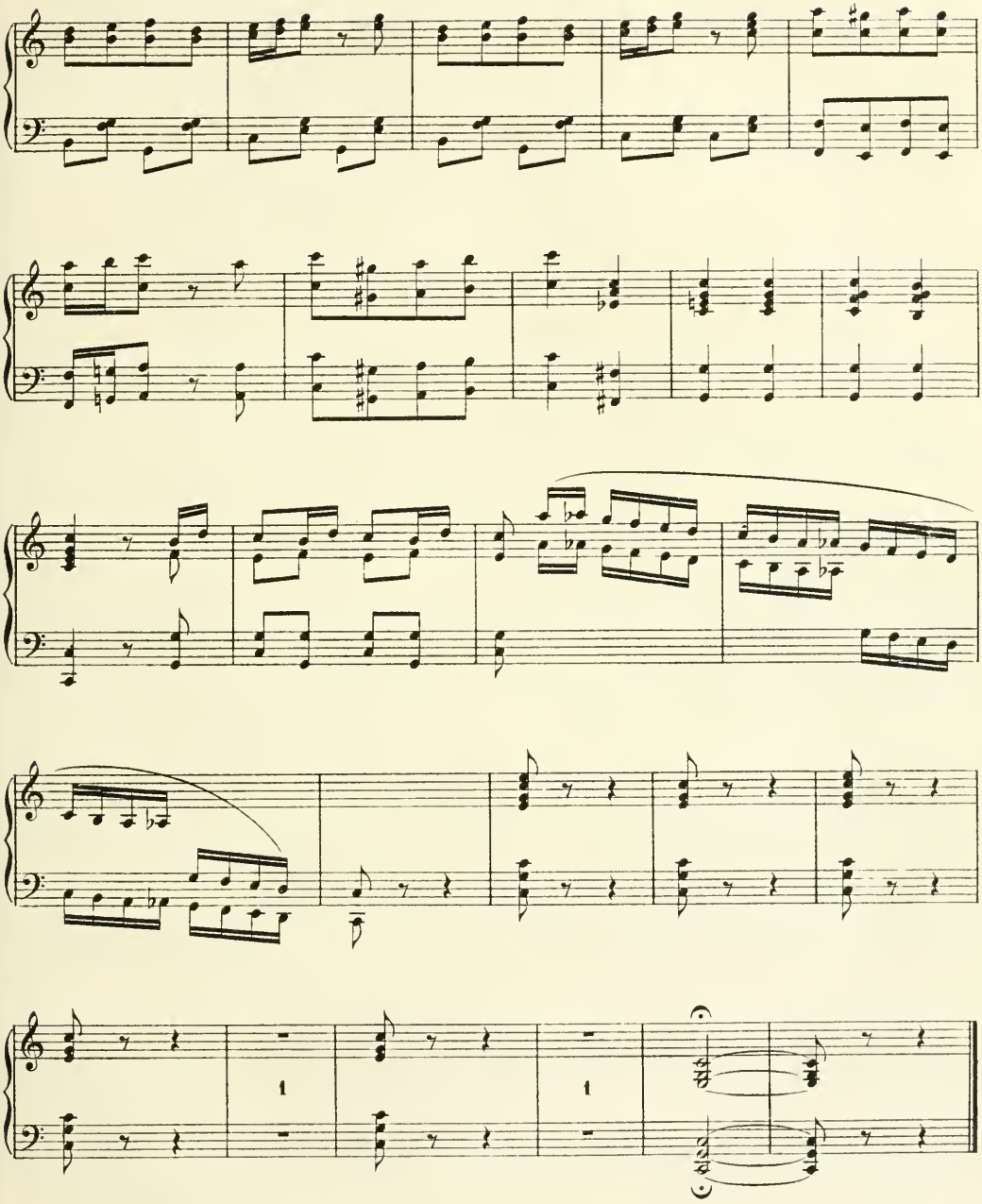
1. 2.

f *ff*

Tempo di Galop.

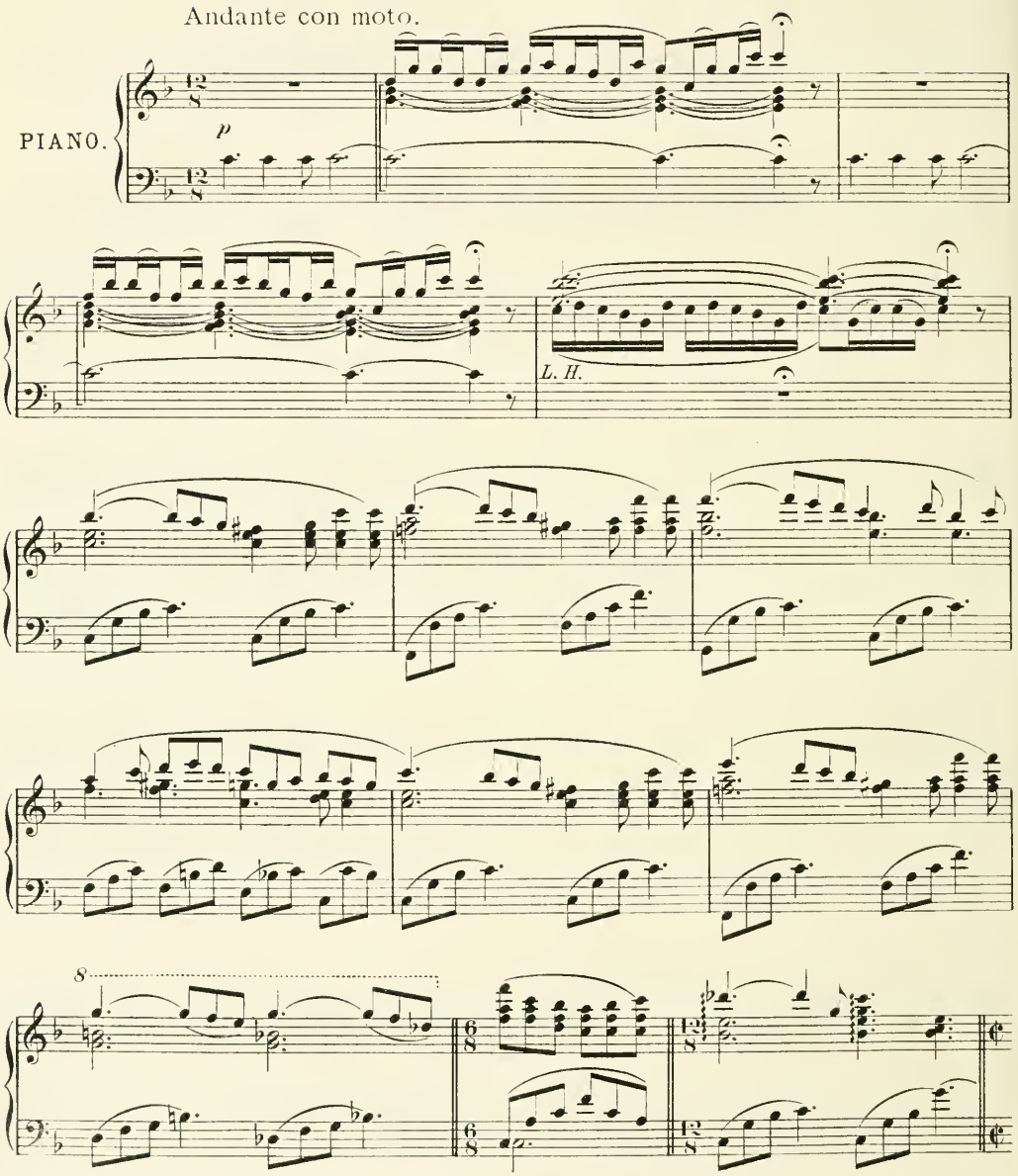
mind.

ff



ACT III.

No. 22.- OPENING CHORUS.



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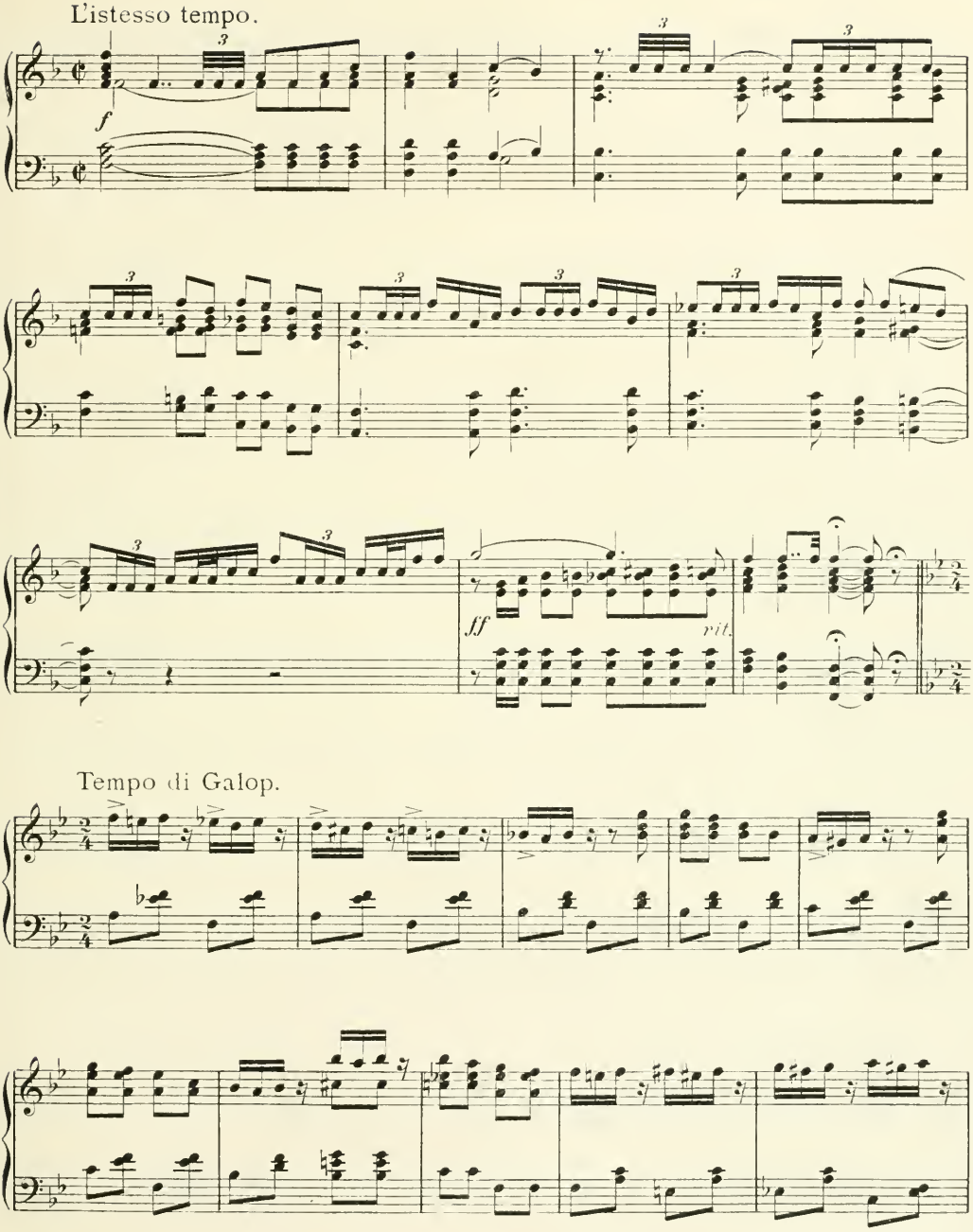
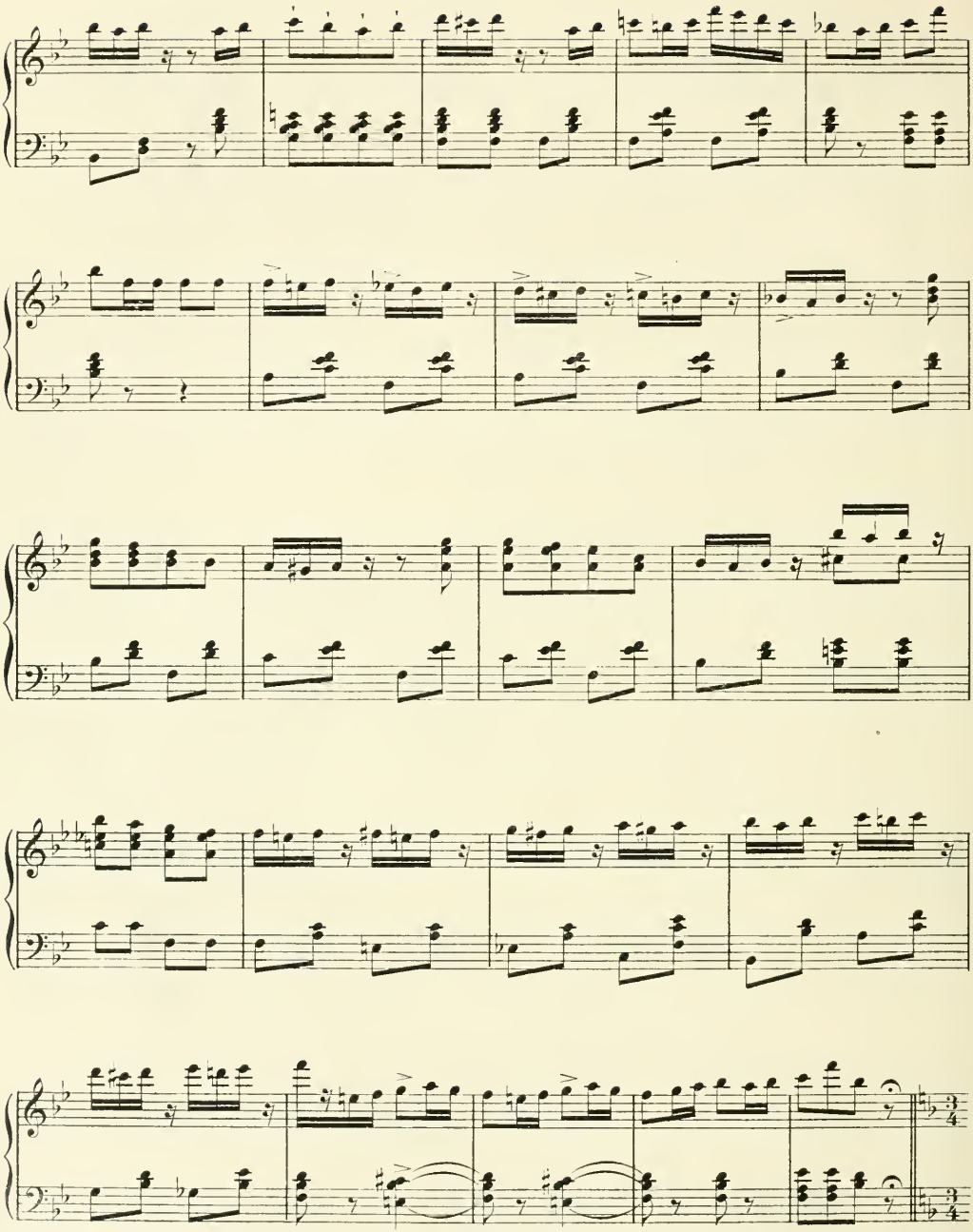

L'istesso tempo.
f
ff
rit.
Tempo di Galop.



A. W. S. Ed. 4266

Tempo di Valse

ff

14

CHO. Light - ly The night hours are melt - ing in fai - ry - like fash - ion, they're

f

flit - ting a - way; Bright - ly We've tripped the Fan - dan - go, the

waltz and the can - can, so gid - di - ly gay. Still the

time flies on mer - ri - ly, Still the dance goes on cheer - i - ly, Still

each lov-er swears ver-i-ly He will be con-stant for ev-er and aye.

Allegro.

f

rit.

GIRLS. Oh!

gent-le Sir, in-form me, pray, have you told oth-er girls to night The

p

fai-ry sto-ries you tell me? MEN. Of course, I have. GIRLS. Then it is not right. MEN. Why

not, sweet maid? GIRLS. Why not, for-sooth? MEN. To call blue eyes blue is but the truth. GIRLS. And

when you call a maid a dove? MEN. 'Tis but the em-blem of true love. So do

Glockenspiel

rit.

not be nar-row-min-ded, lit-tle maid-en, Flirt with me dain-ti-ly, and

I will flirt with you. GIRLS. Flirt-ing causes hearts to break when they with love are la-den.

MEN. I'll let you love me then, if you let me love you. GIRLS. I fear, I So do

rit. *più f a tempo*

am a nar-row min-ded, lit-tle mai-den,
not be nar-row min-ded, lit-tle mai-den, Flirt with me dain-ti-ly, and

I will flirt with you. GIRLS. Flirt-ing cau-ses hearts to break when

they with love are la-den. MEN. I'll let you love me then, if you let me love

rit.

Maestoso marcato. Light - ly The night hours are melt - ing, in

ff

fai - ry-like fash-ion they're flit - ting a - way. Bright - ly We've

tripped the Fan - dan - go, the Waltz, and the Can - can, so gid - di - ly

gay. Still the time flies on mer - ri - ly, Still

the dance goes on cheer - i - ly, Still each lo - ver swears

ver - i - ly He will be con - stant for ev - er and aye. *BLAKE.* To

bed, ye lust - y re - vel-lers, To bed, to bed, to bed! The

day is near-ly dawning, and I will not be gain-said. CHO. He will not be gain-said. Oh!

Puck, don't stop our par-ty; you'll re-gret it if you do. PUCK. I've let you go on

p

far too long. KHOD. An - oth - er dance or two? BLAKE. Or three, or four, or five, or

fif - ty five would not take long. I'll let them have an-oth-er one, if you will sing a

song. CHO. He'll let us have an - oth-er one, if you will sing a song.

f

Moderato.

mf

rit.

10

Segue.

No 23. SONG & CHORUS. "LAPLAND."

(RHODANTE.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Moderato.

RHOD.

1. I'll sing of Lap - land,
2. When you're in Lap - land,

CHORUS.

1. But - terflies could not ex - ist in
2. Tell us when you see we are in

PIANO.

p

There are man - y but - terflies in Lap - land,
You will find it's of - ten dark in Lap - land,

Lap - land.
Lap - land.

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Lap - land. The pop - u - la - tion of
Lap - land. But when it's dark in

What a fun - ny place your Lapland is.
What a love - ly place your Lapland is.

Lap - land Is dens - ly packed, like grains of sand, And
Lap - land, Why bless your heart! you do not mind, Your

yet on - ly one la - dy at a time Is ev - er seen in Lap - land.
sense of feel - ings so re - fined That it does just as well in Lap - land.

rit.

pp

Seen in Lap - land.
Well in Lap land.

pp

rit.

Refrain.

Ev - ry where up - on the map You will find the

f

There's Lapland.

f

Tempo

f

land of Lap From Re - gent St. to Tim - buc - too or—

Jap - - land.— And no mat - ter

Regent St. to Jap - land you will find Lap-land.

Bouche Fermée

where you roam, You will al - ways feel at home, So

f

book a seat for one in dear old Lap - - -

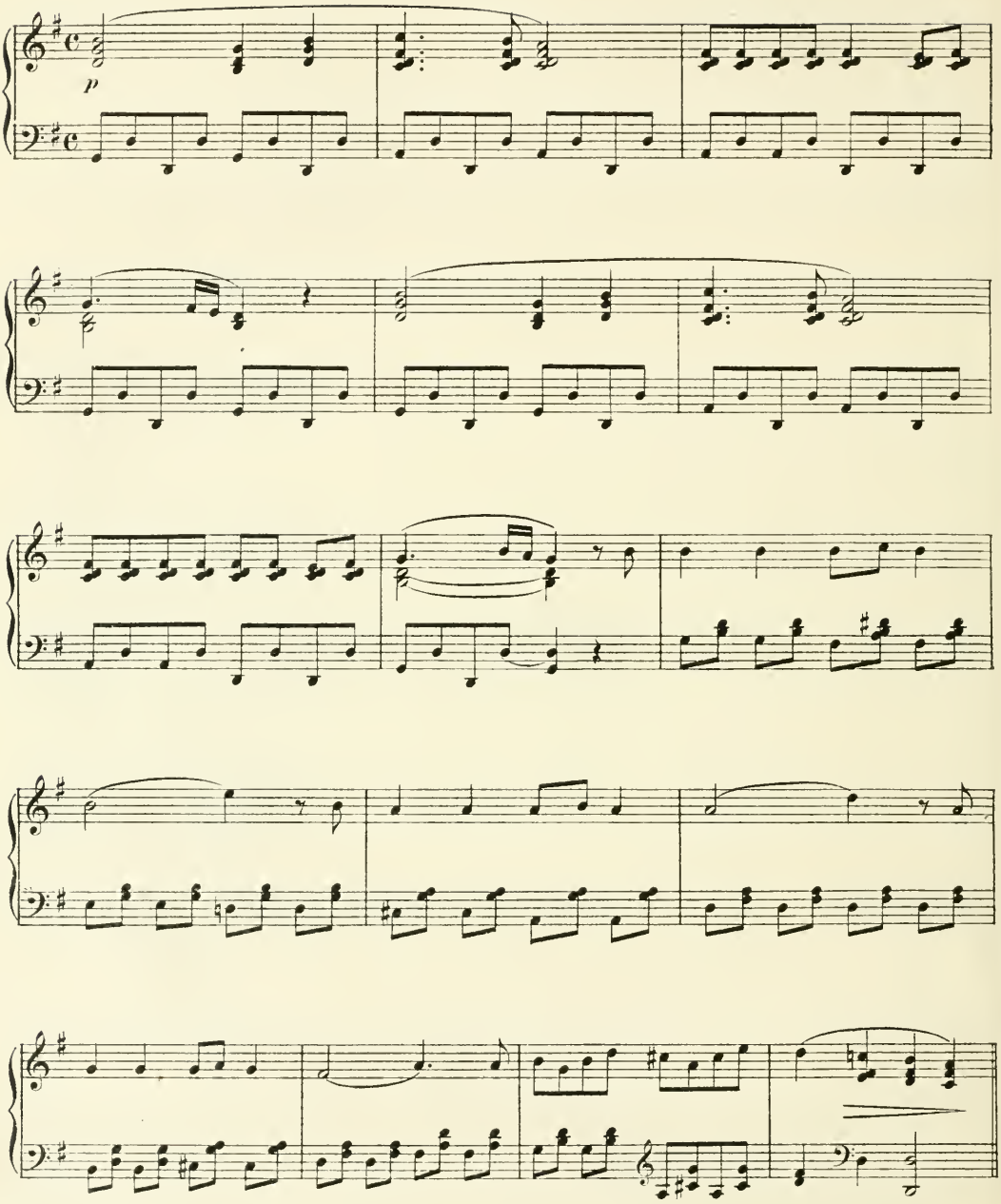
So book a seat for one in dear old Lap -

1. - land. 2. - land.

- land. - land.

p

DANCE.



pp Ev'r - y - where up - on the map You will find the land of Lap From

pp

Regent St. to Tim - buc - too, or Jap - - land. You will find Lap - land;

And no mat - ter where you roam, You will al - ways feel at home. So

f

book a seat for one in dear old Lap - - land.

No. 24. ENSEMBLE: "GOOD NIGHT."

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Andante.

PIANO.

BLAKE. Good night, Good night, Friends, good night! It is time that I put out the light. CHO. Good night, good night, good night, good night. BL. Sweet sleep, friends, makes digestion wait on appetite. RHOD. Good night. Good night, Good night. CHO. Good night, good night, good night! RHOD. A new day shortly will be dawning, Dear Puck but gives us kindly warning. Good

Andante.

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night, and dream of loves that seem as bright as shine the stars of morn - ing. MAX And

when again the day shall dawn Some hearts will be a-lone and lorn, For

cresc. *f*

such may joy ap - pear in the sky to gild the clouds of

morn-ing. A new day shortly will be dawn - ing, Dear Puck but gives us kind-ly

p

warn - ing. Good night, and dream of loves that seem as

bright as shine the stars of morn - ing, And when a - gain the day shall

dawn Some hearts will be a-lone and lorn; For such may joy in the

f

sky ap-pear to gild the cloud of morn - ing, And

cresc.

when again the day shall dawn, And when the day shall dawn, Shall

ff

he be left a - lone! May joy ap - pear to

dim *poco a*

gild the clouds of morn - ing, ap - pear to gild the clouds of morning. A

poco *cantando* *p*

new day short-ly will be dawn - ing, a new day will be dawn - ing. Good

espressivo

night, and dream of loves that seem as bright as shine the stars of

morn - ing And when a-gain the day shall dawn Some hearts will

crescendo

be a-lone and lorn For such may joy appear to gild the sky. CHO. A

new day short - ly will be dawn - ing. Good night, Good night, Good

pp *pp*

night.

R. H. L. H. *pp*

Segue.

No. 25. SONG:—"FAREWELL."

(MAX.)

T. H. READ. Dr. REID.

Andante.

PIANO. *p espressivo*

Farewell, dear love, for I must say a - dieu! In future

I must go my lone-ly way; For fick-le cu - pid beckons you a -

- new For-getting I shall love you till my dy-ing day. The san-dy

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shore between us soon shall lie And all the rest - less barrier of the

sea; For fortune smiles beneath a sunnier sky; And in the

dis-tant unknown lands my home must be. Dear one, could

you but hear my poor heart sing And swell with

love, un-til my eyes scarce see, Your loving heart would answer mine, and

bring You back to truth, and love, and life, and

me. My love, fare - well! Yet, though I say a -

- dieu, My constant heart where - e - ver I may dwell Will e - ver

crescendo

turn in lov - ing thought to you, For you are

home, and love, and life, sweetheart, fare - well!

No. 26. QUARTET "WHEN ALL IS STILL."

(ELSIE, LALAGE, GILBERT AND PETER.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

pp *stacc.*

ELSIE. LALAGE. GILBERT. PETER.

Sh! Sh!

p

When all is still and the coast is clear, it's

Drum.

pp stacc.

It is! We swear, we

set - tled then we start. It is? Then swear.

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sol - o - mon - ly swear. Sh!

Sh! We go on foot to Gay Pa - ree,

Cym.

We do! We swear, we

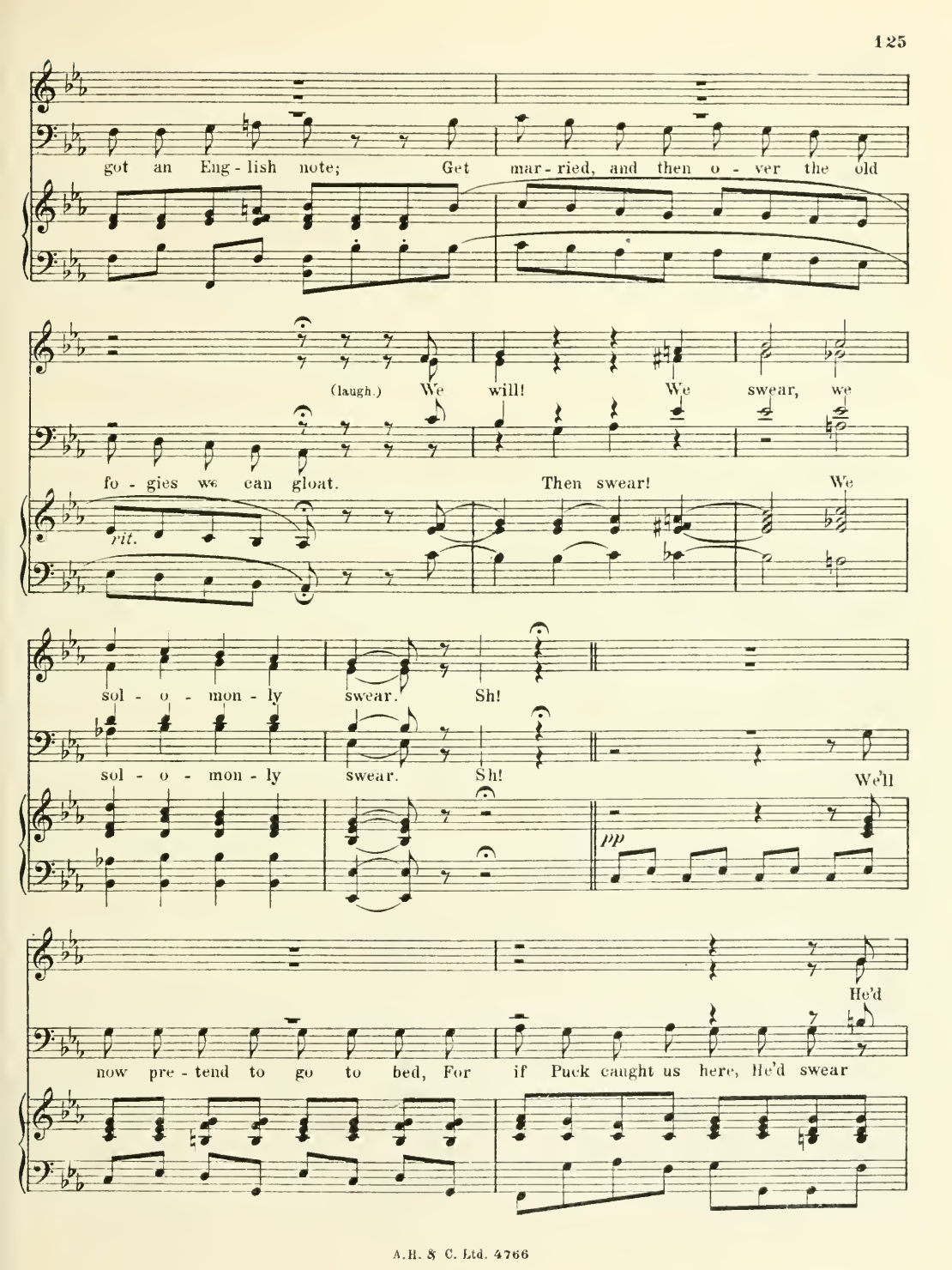
there for the night we part. We do? Then swear.

sol - o - mon - ly swear. Sh!

Sh! Next day at dawn we'll meet, and then we'll

Cym.

train straight to the boat For Lon - don— there get li - cen - ses,— I've


got an Eng - lish note; Get mar - ried, and then o - ver the old
(laugh.) We will! We swear, we
fo - gies we can gloat. Then swear! We
rit.
sol - o - mon - ly swear. Sh!
sol - o - mon - ly swear. Sh! We'll
pp
He'd
now pre - tend to go to bed, For if Puck caught us here, He'd swear

swear, He'd swear, He'd swear, most *hor - ro - bul - ly* swear Sh!

Sh! Then

Cym.

You will?

like an owl I'll cry "oo - oo - oo," when the coast is clear, Like

You swear You sol - o - mon - ly swear, Sh! Then

this "oo - oo!" I sol - o - mon - ly swear, Sh!

Cym.

down the stairs and through the o - pen door we'll quiet - ly creep.

No

So

chat - ter - ing! For ev - 'ry - thing you have to say will keep.

mum's the word un - til we meet when day be - gins to peep We'll

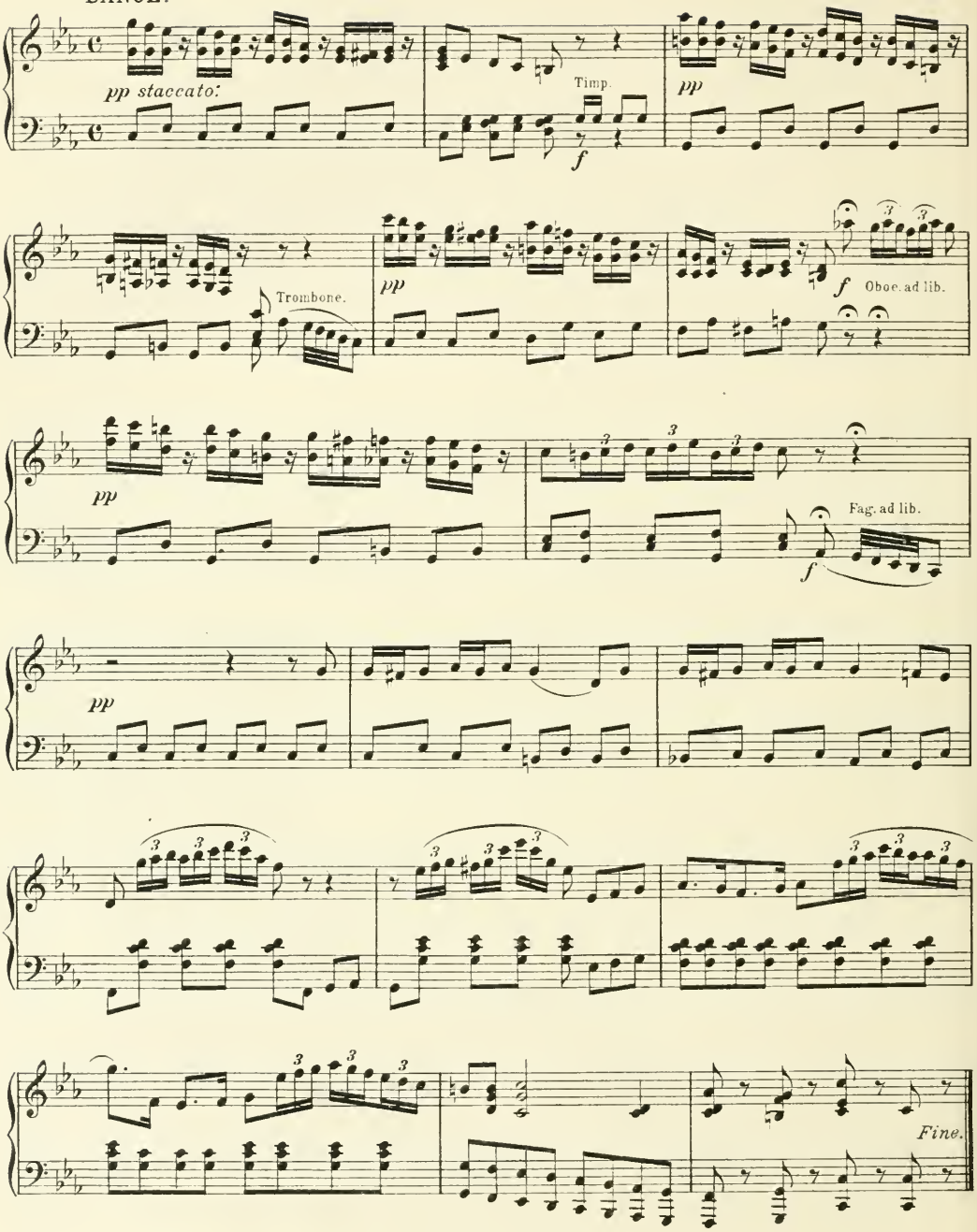
We'll

rit.

stick like glue, we swear, we sol - o - mon - ly swear!

stick like glue, we swear, we sol - o - mon - ly swear!

DANCE.


pp staccato:
Timp.
f
pp
Trombone.
pp
f
Oboe. ad lib.
pp
Fag. ad lib.
f
pp
Fine.

No 27. QUARTET. "GOOGLE-OOGLE."

(RHODANTE, BLAKE, PODMORE AND MAX.)

T. H. READ.

J. A. ROBERTSON.

Moderato.

PIANO.

f *rit.*

p

RHOD. If you wish to prove you love me, You must coo and "tur-tle dove" me. POD. By the stars that shine a-bove me, I love on-ly you. RHOD. If you mean it, tell me, pray now Will you "Goo-gle, oo-gle" say now? MAX. Hark, the ass is going to

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POD. Goo - gle - oo - gle - oo - gle - oo. KHOD. That's no good! You must- n't bray now! MAX. How mum - ble If you real - ly mean to woo, Bold - ness wins, so don't be dare she go! BLAKE. Do be quiet, Max. MAX. It hum - ble, Speak out plain - ly, straight and true. Say it bold - ly: is shame - ful.

"goo - gle-oo - gle-oo - gle." Goo - gle-oo - gle - oo - gle-oo - gle - oo.

Tempo.

POD. You're my pre - cious lit - tle gir - lie. RHOD. You're my

knight so bold and bur - ley. POD. You're my pret ty "Call me ear - ly" Goo - gle -

stacc.

- oo - gle - oo - gle - oo. RHOD. I will pack my bag, my hon - ey. POD. I'll pack

mine and meet my bun - ny. MAX. Lord, the old fool thinks that's fun - ny! POD. Goo - gle -

- oo - gle - oo - gle - oo. RHOD. Now the gates of love are o - pen, You're my

MAX. Let me kill

on - ly own - est own. Once I thought my heart was bro - ken, Now I

him. BLAKE. Don't be sil - ly, man. MAX. I can't stand

know my trou - ble's flown. Tell me, Pod - die, Who's my ic - kle oo - sie?

it.

POD. I'se 'oor ic - kle oo - sie, oo - sie - oo. RHOD. Get your bag, dear. POD. Ic - kle nin - ny

tig - et RHOD. Do not lag, dear. POD. Ic - kle nin - ny poot. RHOD. Do not

RHOD.

lag, do not lag,

BLAKE.

Goo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle -

POD.

Goo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle - oo.

MAX.

How I hate the stu - pid ass!

- oo. do not lag,

Goo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle, oo - gle -

You're a fool. Puck,

dear.

- oo.

too.

f

No. 28. TRIO.- "ALTHOUGH I HATE THE SIGHT OF YOU."

(RHODANTE, WIDGERY BLAKE, and MAX.)

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.

Comodo.

VOICE. PIANO.

RHOD. Al - though I hate the *sight* of *you*. And

rit.

loathe him more than words can tell, I'm too po-lite So late at night To

a tempo

leave and not say go to - bed, And dream sweet dreams and sleep quite well: So

f

please, bid him good night for me. BLAKE. De - light - ed! (to M.) That's her word to thee. MAX. My

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Più mosso. Meno mosso.

ris - ing wrath shall not ob-scure The gen - tle cour - te - sy that's due To

la - dies fair. So, *please*, tell her I wish her well, tho' she's a shrew'd

girl who'd ad-journ this in - ter-view. BLAKE. Dear witch, my mis-sion's so ab-surd That

I can on - ly say "you heard".

rit.

RHOD. Ask him how he *dares* pre - fer that *O* - dious "Ti - ger Moth" to me

dolce

MAX Tell her that the "*La - dy* Ti - ger Moth" had the good taste to see,— When I

p

played it, all the *beau - ties* of my F sharp Fan - ta - sie. And

she did-n't go to sleep, and *snore.* KHOL. It

f

Animato.

is - not true! I did not snore! I just was tired and went to sleep; To

mf

turn on me and say I snored, as that wretch did, was mere - ly cheap; And

ad lib.

not to beg my par - don when he saw he'd made me weep, Was the

p col voce

act of an un-couth ill-man-nered boor.

Allegro.

BLAKE. Tru-ly with a-maze-ment you in -

f

mf

- spire me, Is that *all* your quar - rel was a - bout? With de -

f

-sire to spank you both you fire me. And I real - ly can - not

mf

leave with-out First in - sist - ing that you stop this stu - pid non-sense.

Allegro.

Kiss her, Max: Come kiss him, Rho - dan - te! You two id-iots run a-way with

ad lib.

oth - er peo-ple's spou - ses! Lord! what queer things these mor - tals be

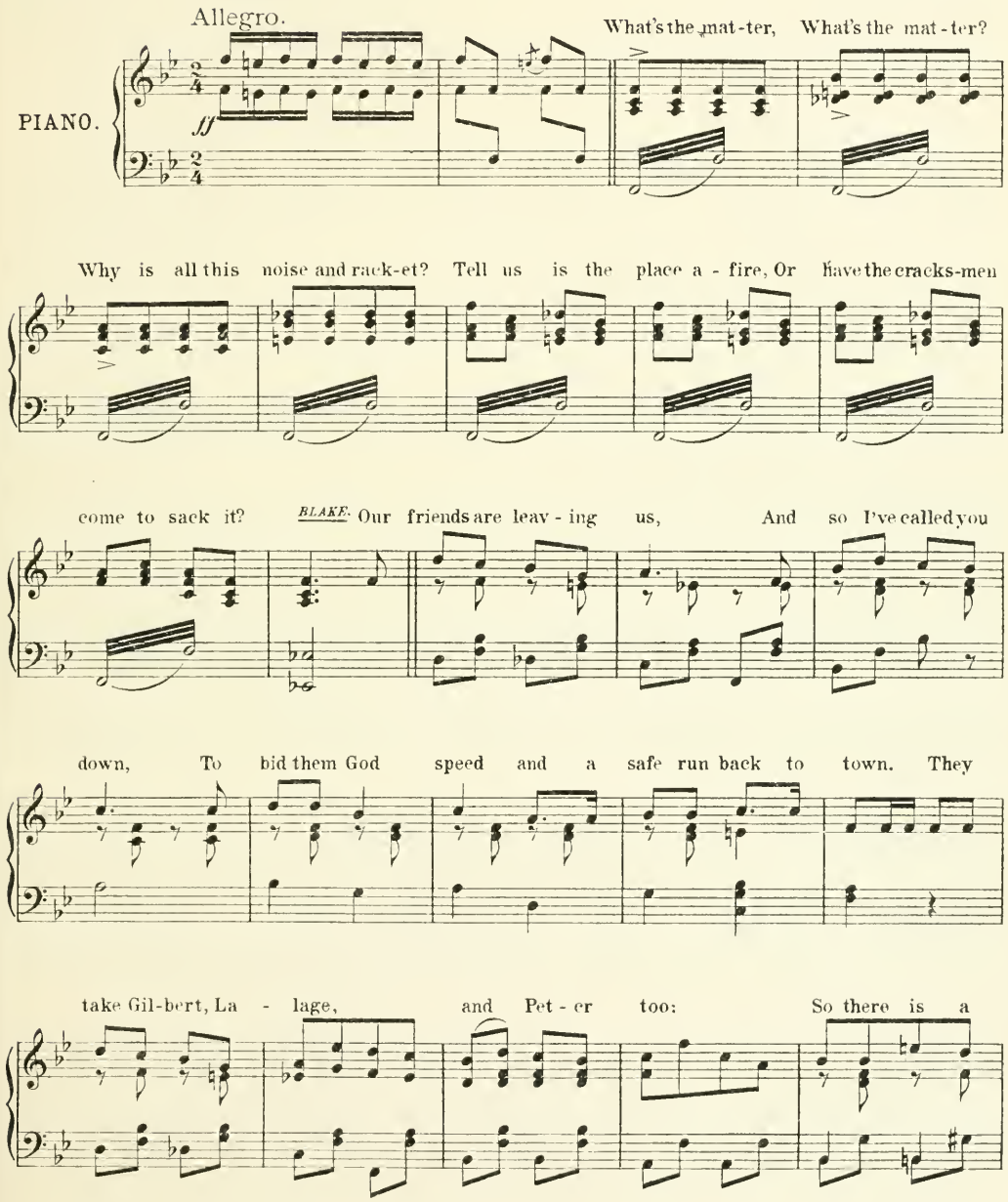
p

rall.

pp

No 29. FINALE.–"WHAT'S THE MATTER."

T. H. READ. J. A. ROBERTSON.



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dou - ble wed - ding well in view. NOKA POD. That is true, We shall do Our

best to make the young folks hap - py All be - cause of you. RHOD. I con -

- grat - u - late you, sir, Do con - grat - u - late me too, We have bur - ied our hatch - et, We've

p

tak - en ex - ample by you, _____ Full up is our hap - py cup, for Max and I have

sworn to wed. PAUL SPOKEN. Good Lord, I'm off back to bed.

ppp Drums. *ff*

Vivace.

ff OMNES Here's the mo - tor, here's the mo - tor,

f

See it's stop-ping at the door, Pe-ter, you're a luck-y chap to get such a pa-in-law.

Look at La-la-ge and Gil-bert: How their fa-ces beam with joy! Kiss her, Gil-bert!

Luck-y beg-gar! First a girl and then a boy. YARKER Did it, guv-ner? where's my twen-ty?

p

Good-bye to you all. POD. Here it is. BLAKE And here's an-oth-er, Good luck be e-ver

f *p*

with you. Yark-er, you're a real tip-top-per! We hope to see you back here,

Here's one for your lit-tle bro-ther, Good-bye to you all. RHOD. Good-bye to you,

p *f*

all you dears, I wish you all a jol - ly run. BLAKE Pod-more, you're a jol - ly sort,

Mad - am, you're a sports-man too. ELSIE. NORA. POD. Come and stay with us at Christ-mas, We will give you

mf

lots of fun. OMNES. Good bye, Yark - er, keep on smil - ing, Cour - te - sy will pull you through. Fare -

f

- well, Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -

ff

- well, Fare - well.

No 30. SONG. "HE'D NEVER BEEN UPON A FARM BEFORE."

(YARKER.)

Words by
T. H. REAL.

Music by
WALTER DAVIDSON.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. My bro-ther, Bill, was apprenticed to a
2. De-spite his "faux pas" with the bees, poor
3. He said, he did-n't think that ca's had
4. Bill's na-tive wit had pulled him through a

f *mf*

drap-er in the Strand, And he'd nev - er been up-on a farm be-fore. The
Bill had lots of pluck Though he'd nev - er been up-on a farm be-fore. So he
got such nast-y tricks, For he'd nev - er been up-on a farm be-fore. Said the
lot of lit-tle trials, Tho' he'd nev - er been up-on a farm be-fore. He

drap - er failed; so Bil - ly though he'd "get back to the land," Though he'd
bathed his face and hoped that next time he'd have bet - ter luck, And he'd
farm - er, well, yer'd bet - ter try yer hand at rais - ing chicks, As you
slow - ly gained the good-will of his mas - ter Farm - er Giles, Though he'd

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nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore He
nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore They'd
have - n't been up - on a farm be - fore A
nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore He

went to a farm - er down at Pud - dle - combe - on - Slop, And the
lect - ured him on dai - ry work ere he left Lon - don - town; They had
roost - er got in - dig - nant, and he near - ly had a fit When Bill
liked the life and start - ed work each morn - ing with the lark, He

farm - er said, "You've got ter work if you ex - pect to stop." Bill
told him milk was white, and cows were n - su - al - ly brown: So
chased him round the poul - try yard and tried to make him sit. By
rare - ly fin - ished for the day be - fore it was quite dark; He

said he'd do his best, al - though he could - n't plough or groom; Said the
ear - ly in the morn - ing, nev - er dream - ing he could fail, He
chance he got a Brah - ma hen who knew her way a - bout, And
learned to hoe and milk and plough a fur - row straight and true, And he

farm - er, "Well, clear up the yard," and hand - ed Bill the broom. He'd
went down to the cow - shed with a milk - ing stool and pail. But he'd
in due course Bill saw with pride e - lev - en chicks hatched out. But he'd
got on "tru - ly ru - ral" terms with the farm - er's daugh-ter, Sue. He'd

REFRAIN.

nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore, And he
nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore And I
nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore, In a
nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore, And I

saw some fun - ny round things made of straw; He
don't think he'll go milk - ing an - y more. For he
week those poor lit - tle chick - ens were no more. The
fear a farm will nev - er see him more. Like

could - n't make out what they were, so he went down on his knees, Thought
came back from the cow - shed with a temp - er far from cool And, in
farm - er got quite cross when Bil - ly took him to the pen; Said
man - y bet - ter men the fair sex ru - ined Bill you see, For

he, "They're full of val - ler flies, I'd bet - ter clear out these," But the
an - swer to the farm - er, said, "That big brown ca's a fool. Lor'
he, "They're dead, they're starved; I s'pose you fed them now and then?" Said
Farm - er Giles came in and found his daugh - ter on Bill's knee. He

flies did all the clear - ing out - they hap - pened to be bees! Well! He'd
lum - me! Why she ne - ver would - n't sit down on the stool! Well! He'd
Bill, "I thought they lived on milk, I left that to the 'en." Well! He'd
paid him off, and said, "Don't you come back here 'Kid - din' me That you've

1st 2nd and 3rd Verses.

nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore.
nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore.
nev - er been up - on a farm be - fore.
nev - er been up - on a

4th Verse.

farm be - fore."

f

No. 31. SONG. "CUPID."

(PUCK'S DREAM.)

(WIDGERY BLAKE.)

Written by
RALPH ROBERTS.

Music by
HAROLD LONSDALE.

Allegretto, ma non troppo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I dream of a gar - den, cool and sha - dy, Where midst the flow - ers long a - go, A
2. Years went by, and the dain - ty maid - en Drift - ed a - way from the gar - den fair
3. Tear - ful maid - en or jilt - ed lov - er Come with a har - row - ing tale of pain.
4. Well, let it go! In this world of wak - ing There is no time for the dreams gone by;

lit - tle boy met with a ra - diant la - dy— She was but se - ven years old heigh-o!
Leav - ing her play - mate, sor - row la - den, Seek - ing her vain - ly ev - 'ry - where.
Need - less to say I soon dis - cov - er All that they want is to kiss a - gain!
Peo - ple must smile, tho' their hearts are break - ing, Forc - ing a laugh when the world goes wry.

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Lit - tle white frock with dain - ty lac - es, Well I re - mem-ber each
Through the long years he has ne - ver fal - tered, Wait - ing a - lone with a
Spend - ing my life the joys re - veal - ing Which can be ga-thered from
Puck must be mer - ry- a mis - chief mak - er, He must for - get how he

ba - - by tuck; Seek - ing out fair - ies' hid - ing pla - ces,
faith sub - lime; Puck to her then, he is still un - al - tered,
Love a - lone, No - bo - dy thinks that I've e - ver a feel - ing,
longs in vain In - to his shel - ter - ing arms to take her,

She was Ti - tan - i - a, he was Puck! And she
Puck he will be to the end of Time. It's a
E - ver a heart-ache that's all my own. But I
Kiss - ing those sweet lips once a - gain. But

used to say in her coax - ing way:-"You'll be a great big
bit of a pill, is that part to fill, But he does it be - cause 'twas his
some - times sigh as the show goes by, For I need not say that the
what would I do, if my dream came true, If I met that dear lit - tle

man some day; But I'll be Queen, so you must o - bey And
la - dy's will; If she e - ver come's she will find that still Un -
boy was I; Deep in my heart is a lone - ly cry: I
girl I knew, And I found that the girl had been faith - ful to The

do what I bid you do! You're on - ly Puck, but your ra - ther nice, You must
- changed to his post he's stuck. He has heaps of friends, and the maids and men Who
en - vy them all their luck. For there's him for her. and there's her for him, I
bar-gain the chil - dren struck? And sup - pose that to mar - ry me she'd a - gree? I'd be

al - ways help me with your ad - vice; And what - ev - er hap - pens, I
know him are mer - ry and bright, but when They're down on their luck, well, they
mate them off as it suits my whim, But at times it hurts and my
no more a bach - e - lor fan - cy free, It's quite on the ta - pis that

shan't think twice, I'll bring all my trou - bles to you!"
smile, and then They bring all their trou - bles to Puck.
eyes grow dim, For there's nev - er a one for Puck!
soon there'd be Some more lit - tle trou - bles for Puck!

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